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FOR THE GUMS

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HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

THE SAILING OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

The "Mayflower" was the ship that took the Pilgrim Fathers, one hundred and two in number, to America. They left England because they were denied freedom in religious matters. They sailed from Plymouth in 1620 for America, where they founded a colony at New Plymouth.

It is not to be thought they would have ventured on a perilous voyage to unexplored lands for their own sakes alone; they were thinking, too, of their children, whom they hoped to see grow up in a land that was free.

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The Bystander, February 8, 1928 No. 1260 Vol. XCVII

The BYSTANDER

BY SUZANNE MEUNIER

"COME TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR"

A Dancing Star from Vienna

Trude Fleischmann

MISS TILLY LOSCH

Who is the only daughter of a rich Society family of Vienna, and has been acclaimed *Prima Ballerina* of the Viennese stage. She is dancing in C. B. Cochran's 1928 Revue

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Return of the Court

THE return of the Court to London for the opening of Parliament marks the end of the King and Queen's winter holiday. From now until the end of the Season Their Majesties, with the exception of brief interludes at Easter, Whitsuntide, during Ascot, and the annual visit to Holyrood, will be in continuous residence at Buckingham Palace fulfilling a list of public and private engagements which seems to grow heavier every year.

Central Press

PRINCE GEORGE AT GIB.

A group photographed aboard H.M.S. Nelson, which has arrived at Gibraltar with the Atlantic Fleet for the Spring manœuvres. Commodore Captain G. Blake (left), Flag-Captain S. Meyrick, Lieut. H.R.H. Prince George, Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, and Flag-Lieut. the Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie

L.N.A.

A REGIMENTAL PRIZE-GIVING

The Prince of Wales photographed presenting the Quartermaster's Bowl to Mr. Bishop. This was at the recent prize-giving of the 24th Batt. London Regt. (The Queen's), at the Drill Hall, Kennington

Death and the Peerage

THE deaths of Earl Haig and the Earl of Warwick bring two youthful peers into *Debrett*. Viscount Dawick, who succeeds to Lord Haig's earldom, is ten, and Lord Brooke, who now becomes Earl of Warwick, is seventeen next month.

Lord Sackville's death raises the question of the future of Knole, that treasure house at Sevenoaks which came to the Sackville-Wests from the last Duke of Dorset. Its contents are said to be worth a million. The death duties, therefore, will be a serious proposition, but I believe the Treasury is less exacting when such treasures in furniture, pictures, etc., with which Knole is crammed, are open to the public.

One wonders how the value of old family possessions can be arrived at. For example, at Knole there are a pair of silver fire-dogs in the hall of the time of Henry VIII, and the silver candle sconces on the walls of one of the bedrooms were made for a visit paid by James I. I don't see where you could begin to appraise the value of such things.

Two Lawsuits

THE late Lord Sackville succeeded his uncle, who was at one time our Ambassador in Washington, and by a

Central Press

WITH THE PEARLIES

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed at the Street Traders' Ball, recently held at Finsbury Town Hall. The Duchess is seen holding a "Pearly" doll which was presented to her for Princess Elizabeth

Sport and General

A BOB'S WORTH

Was clearly demonstrated when Mr. H. Mason's team won the Roux Cup at Font Romeu. The photograph shows Mr. H. Mason, at the wheel, M. Pierre Faure-Herman, M. Jacques Verveer, and Mr. P. Bourke

P. and A.

A KING'S SON

The Emir Ghazi, son of King Feisal of Iraq, at Arosa, enjoying the Winter Sports

special remainder in the patent, having had no son, is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Sir Charles Sackville-West, the Governor of Guernsey.

The Ambassador Lord Sackville had a romance which savoured more of the novel than of real life. For many years he lived with a Spanish dancer called Pepita, by whom he had three children. It was generally considered that they were married, and the Ambassador, probably for the sake of Pepita and the children, never openly denied it. On the other hand, he never put forward the son he had by Pepita as his heir. He always regarded the late Lord Sackville as his heir, and when the latter married the elder of his uncle's two daughters by Pepita the young couple made their home with him at Knole.

After the Ambassador's death, you will remember that his son by Pepita brought an action claiming that he was legitimate. But it was proved that Pepita had a husband living at the time she went to live with Lord Sackville, and consequently all the children were illegitimate.

Later, the Sackvilles were involved in another sensational law case over the late Sir Richard Wallace's will, by which a considerable sum of money was left to Lady Sackville. Sir Richard's family contested the will, but Lady Sackville won.

Lord Haig's Marriage

LORD HAIG'S marriage was a romance which appealed to Queen Alexandra, who delighted in "godmothering" love matches. The handsome Major-General of forty-four, who had served under Kitchener in the Sudan, and who had gone through the South African War as Chief Staff Officer to Sir John French, and after being appointed to the command of the 17th Lancers, was then Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, fell in love with the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, one of Queen Alexandra's Maids of Honour. The courtship and the engagement covered little more than a month.

At the same time another of Queen Alexandra's Maids of Honour, the Hon. Mary Hart Dyke, the second daughter of that wonderful nonagenarian, Sir William Hart Dyke, became engaged to Captain Matthew Bell, of the Rifle Brigade. Queen Alexandra insisted

AT ST. MORITZ *Topical*

The Winter Sports resorts look their best after a fresh fall of snow. In the photograph Prince and Princess Barbe Stirbey are seen enjoying ideal surroundings at St. Moritz

A MEET IN INDIA *Sport and General*

The Belgaum Hunt photographed at one of this season's meets. The pack, which consists of 19½ couple of foxhounds imported from the Delhi Hunt, hunts jackal and fox two days a week, and followers have been finding remarkably good sport. The present Joint-Masters are Mrs. E. ff. W. Lascelles and Capt. E. A. Sandilands, Royal Scots Fusiliers, who also hunts the pack

Photographs LADY BRIDPORT
As she will appear as the Duchesse de Montemart

MISS MARJORIE GLASGOW
Who will play the Duchesse D'Abrantes

LADY NEWNES *Tom Aitken*
Who will take the part of the Empress Marie Louise

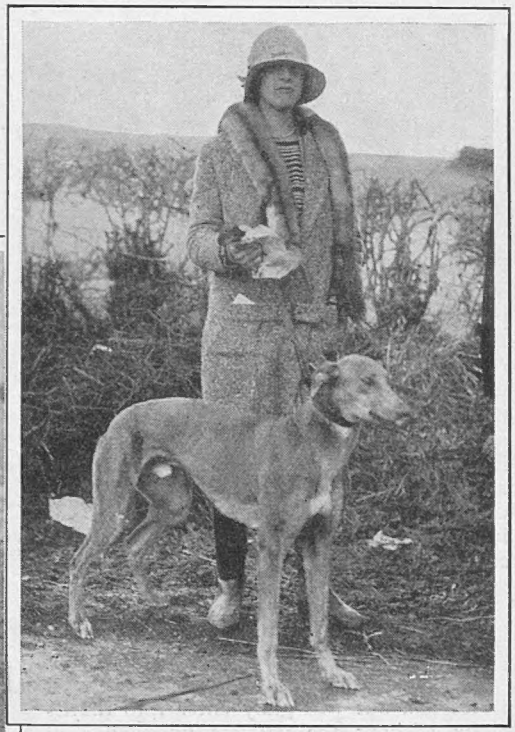
Three of the ladies in the costumes in which they will appear in the special matinée of "Napoleon" at His Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday, February 14. The matinée is to be given in aid of the Queen Mary Wing of the Royal Free Hospital, and Her Majesty the Queen has graciously signified her intention of being present

on a double wedding in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace—the first time the chapel had ever been used for a non-Royal ceremony. After the ceremony King Edward and Queen Alexandra gave the brides and bridegrooms and their families a wedding breakfast in the Palace, an honour which had never before been accorded to any member of the Court.

Lady Haig, together with her twin sister, the Hon. Violet Vivian, was appointed a Maid of Honour immediately after King Edward's accession. She had held the post four years when she married the future Commander-in-Chief of our Army in France. Her sister remained a Maid of Honour until Queen Alexandra's death.

Some of the newspapers were premature in deciding that Lord Haig would be buried in St. Paul's beside our great generals and leaders. Before all the honours that his brave conduct of the War brought him, a responsibility that no other British Commander has ever had to meet, his territorial right as Laird of Bemersyde—and he was the twenty-ninth Laird — came first. He took the title of his earldom from Bemersyde, and when the nation wanted to show its gratitude for the victorious issue to which he had guided our Armies he chose Bemersyde as the expression of that gratitude. With such ties, family and national, no wonder Lord Haig wanted to lie close to his home.

Sport and General
A COURSING DAY
A group taken at the recent meeting of the Avon Valley Coursing Club. Mr. T. Hill (left), Mr. C. Hendley the Misses Page, and Mrs. Hill



Sport and General
A HAMPSHIRE MEETING
Miss Hay photographed with Mr. L. Hay's Honest Encounter. This was at the recent meeting of the Avon Valley Coursing Club, held at Amport, Hants

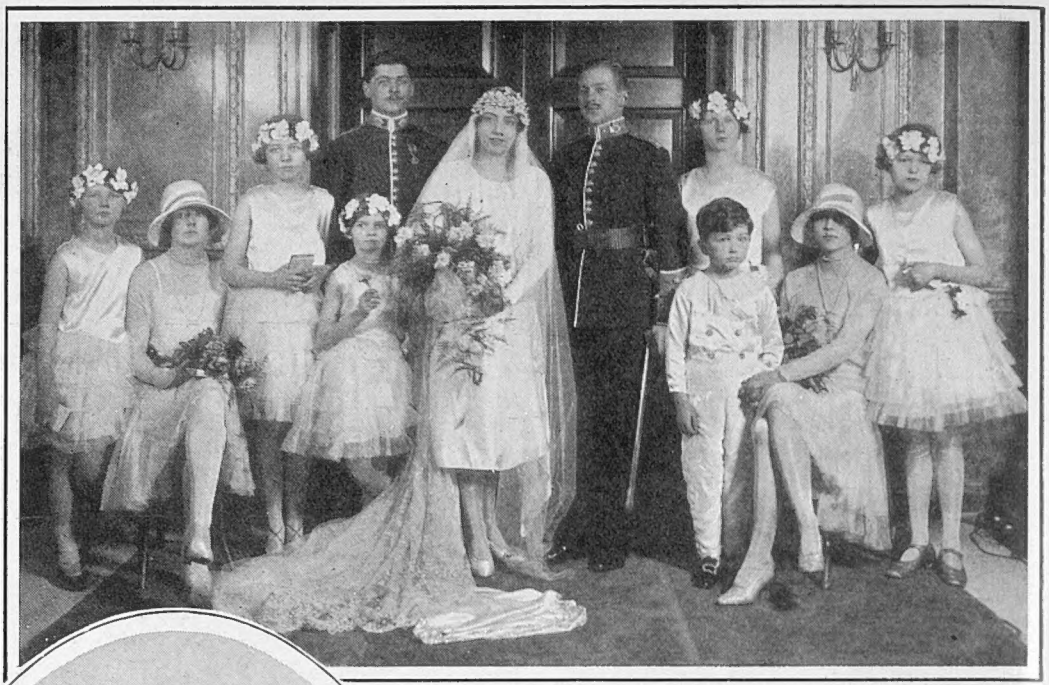
Musical Diplomats

DIPLOMATISTS of five nations were present at the third meeting of the

L.N.A.

A THEATRICAL WEDDING

Mr. Dion Titheradge leaving Prince's Row Register Office with his bride, Miss Madge Stuart, the actress and film star. Mr. Titheradge, who is the part-author and producer of many revues, is also the author of "The Crooked Billet," the mystery play now running at the Royalty Theatre



Lafayette

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Ralph Leigh Hare, of the Coldstream Guards, and his bride, Miss Doreen Bagge, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Bagge, D.S.O., and Lady Bagge, photographed with the best man and bridal attendants after their wedding at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bridegroom is the only son of Sir George Leigh Hare and Lady Florence Hare

Bassano

THE WEDDING OF THE MONTH

Captain the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the third surviving son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and brother of the Duchess of York, with his bride, Miss Elizabeth Cator, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk. The Duchess of York was present to see her former bridesmaid married

Dettmar Dressel Trio Circle, which took place at the Swedish Legation recently. These were the Swedish Minister and Baroness Palmstierna, the German Ambassador and Frau Sthamer, and the Norwegian, Polish, and Finnish Ministers.

Brides and Housewives

MYSELF, I entirely agreed with all the speakers at a debate at the Forum Club, arranged by the British Housewives' Society, who were in favour of the motion that a course of housewifery should form part of the curriculum of every girls' school. When all is said and done, and making every allowance for the present independence and self-supporting capacity of women, I suppose there are actually very few women who start in life without the possibility of marriage in their mind. And yet how few women ever get any training in running a house?

Women will spend years in learning a profession, but will gaily enter into matrimony without the vaguest knowledge of how long it takes to boil a potato or how to order a meal. Many modern girls seem to think that houses run themselves. In pre-war days, if a young couple could afford to employ a certain type of servant, houses did run themselves so far as the mistress was concerned. But now young couples have not the same means, and the trained servant grows scarcer and scarcer. The result is that when you have the combination—and it is painfully frequent—of the ignorant young mistress and the untrained, or partially trained, servant, it is a case of two clinging ivies, a speedy fall.

Lady Askwith made the best and most sensible speech of anybody. She said that housewifery was "an art, and the woman with a genius for house-making is an artist."

Myself, I wonder how many marriages have come to shipwreck through the wife's lack of knowledge of what must be a woman's job, the matrimonial vessel first getting nasty jars on rocky beefsteaks and finally running into the cliffs of general discomfort? One of the speakers said that the London County Council is already giving courses in housewifery in specimen flats. That is excellent news.

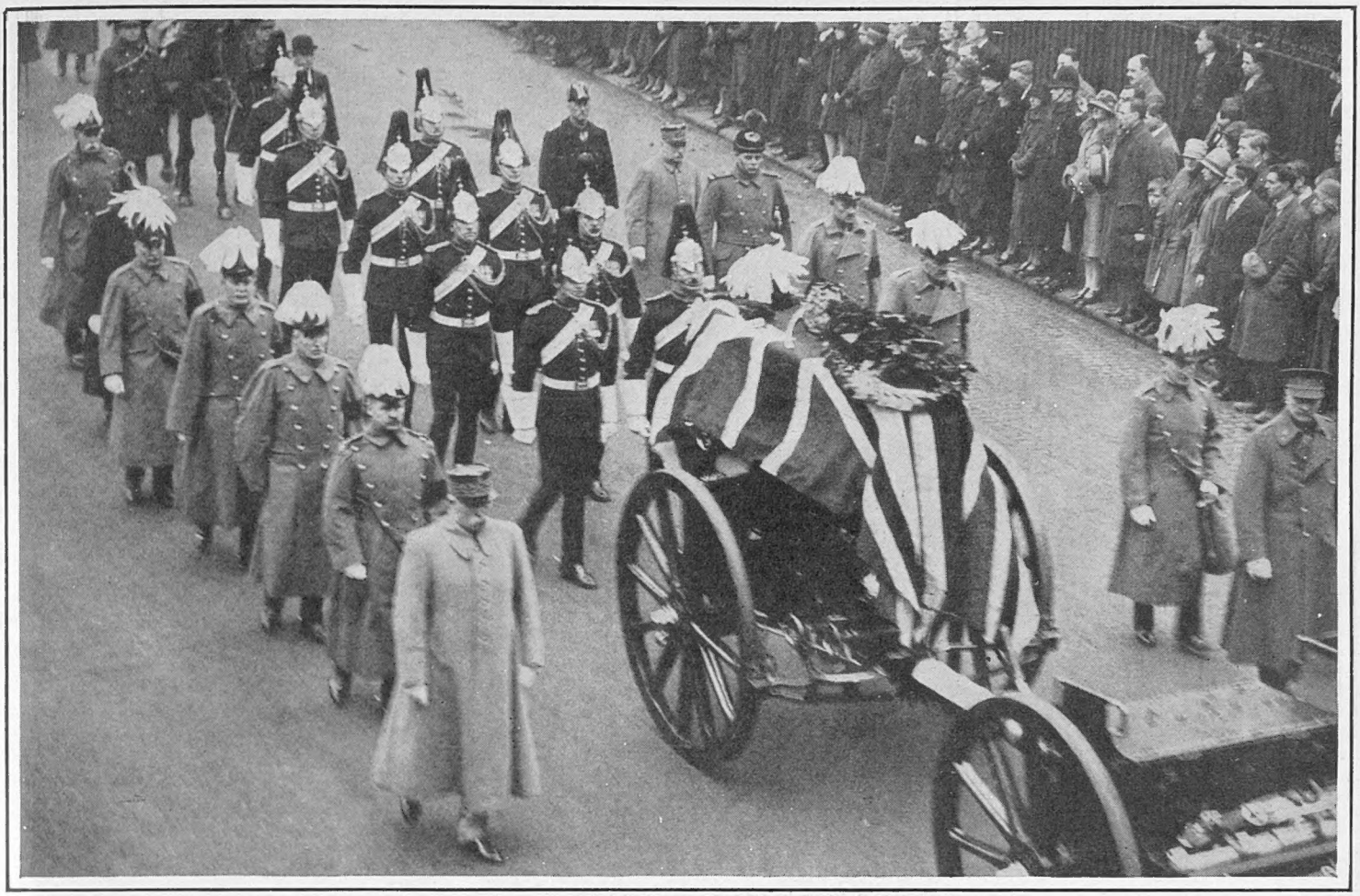
Sunday Evenings at the May Fair

IT was prophesied that the combination of dinner on Sunday evenings with the appearance of world-famous musicians, when this interesting experiment was first made at the May Fair Hotel, would not succeed. But the prophecy has been proved to be entirely wrong. When Kubelik appeared at the May Fair there was not a vacant table in the restaurant, and many extra tables had to be arranged in the lounge outside. He played three times, and the critical faculty of his audience was shown in the rapturous applause and the overwhelming demand for an encore.

Central Press

IN A COUNTRY GARDEN

Lord and Lady Sackville photographed in the grounds of the Government House, at Guernsey, of which he is Lieutenant-Governor. He recently succeeded to the title on the death of his brother, the third Baron Sackville



THE LAST JOURNEY

Photopress

The gun-carriage bearing the body of the late Earl Haig entering Belgrave Square on its way to the Abbey. The pall-bearers are Marshals of France Foch and Pétain, Lieut.-General Baron de Ceuninck, representing the Belgian Army, Field-Marshals Lord Methuen and Sir Claud Jacob, Admirals of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Earl Beatty, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Hugh Trenchard, and Generals the Earl of Cavan, Sir Hubert Gough, Sir Herbert Lawrence, Lord Horne, Viscount Byng, and Sir Ian Hamilton. Sergeant Secrett, the personal servant of the dead Commander-in-Chief, and his charger are seen behind the bearer party

"Toc H"

"Toc H." is rapidly becoming one of the most practical memorials of the War. Nine years ago a small attempt was made in London to revive the spirit of the original "Toc H." at Poperinghe, a spirit of service and brotherhood which no one who ever went to that small building can ever forget. The attempt was so successful that two years later there were "Toc H's" all over England, and now they are all over the world. The inscription over the door of each branch, "Abandon rank all ye who enter here," is the keynote of the spirit of *camaraderie* pervading this great organisation.

The movement has become so widespread that an endowment fund has become necessary to provide the salaries of the staff corps which supervises the voluntary services of the members. In connection with the appeal for this fund, which was made by the Prince of Wales in December, it has been decided to compile a Book of Remembrance and Thanksgiving. In this book, which will be kept in the Church of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, will be inscribed the names of those who fell in the War, or passed through it safely, on whose behalf donations have been received. This book will make a wonderful record both of remembrance of the dead and gratitude for the living. Every name will be entered for which a donation is received, no matter how small it may be. Donations may be sent to the Appeal Director, Toc H. Endowment, Byron House, St. James's Street, S.W.1

Bassano

Field-Marshal Earl Haig

Born: June 19, 1861 — Died: January 29, 1928

The Diagnosis

THERE seems to have been a positive epidemic of chicken-pox in country houses during what we call the holiday season. But imagine the feelings of one hostess and her guests when a girl visitor, who suddenly came out in spots, was declared by the local doctor to be suffering from small-pox. The number of vaccinations in that house almost wore the local doctor to the bone and made a big hole in his vaccine. But that was as nothing compared with the alarms and trepidations of everybody, from the page-boy to the head of the house, not to speak of their discomfort. Nobody was allowed out of the house for fear of spreading infection.

They bore their cross for a day. Then a specialist was telegraphed for from London. He found that chicken-pox was the malady. Sore and swollen arms do not make a doctor popular.

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'THESE SAME SHIRTS .....HAVE CAUSED UNTOLD MISERY'

Hard-boiled Shirts

I FIND myself in very complete agreement with the Prince of Wales on the subject of hard-boiled shirts for evening wear. These same shirts have, as the Prince told the Birmingham jewellers, caused untold misery, and it was only right that the blame should have been placed in the right quarter—those Brum jewellers who make the studs for which white shirts are worn.

'FLOURISHED EXCEEDINGLY WITH THE BEAUX OF BATH

Beaux of Bath

I SHALL not be surprised if the remarks of H.R.H. cause a reaction in favour of the soft-fronted shirt. I feel sure that most men, deep down in their hearts, resent the armour plating which starchy laundresses have thrust upon them. The soft shirt flourished exceedingly with the *beaux* of Bath a hundred years ago, and it will certainly come into its own again. It fell into disrepute because it was affected by sloppy people and they made it the symbol of their slackness.

'WE ORDINARY MORTALS WILL ESCHEW STARCH'

A Timely Lead

IT comes to this: that only a really smartly dressed man should wear a soft-fronted shirt. He must be rather a dude who pays, if anything, too much attention to his dress. Then when he has broken the ice for us, we ordinary mortals will eschew starch and glory in our emancipation. The Prince has given us a timely lead in this matter, and it is our own fault if we don't see to it that his sartorial dream comes true.

"Described as an Actress"

HAVE you noticed that whenever some young woman of dubious morals gets into trouble with the police she "describes herself as an actress"? The London managers have at last taken this matter up and have asked the police to make inquiries before allowing a decent profession to be publicly pilloried at the whim of any woman of the town. I would go further. Why not make the prisoner state her profession on oath and then proceed against her on a charge of perjury if it can be proved that she has never in her life set foot on the stage of a theatre.

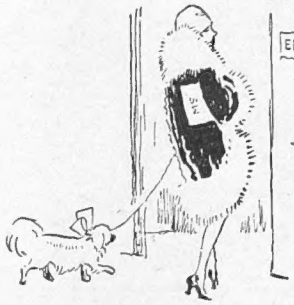
The Biggest Spoof

WHEN members of the "Escaping Club" paid their tribute to fallen comrades at the Cenotaph I was reminded of the amusing story, told me in the R.A.F. Club, of the prisoner in a German camp who walked out as the commandant. The entire outfit was faked out of the most unpromising material, from a cardboard hat to decorations cut out of an old cocoa tin, and is probably the biggest spoof on record. If you have not read the book of the Escaping Club, in which this episode figures, you should make all haste to remedy the omission.

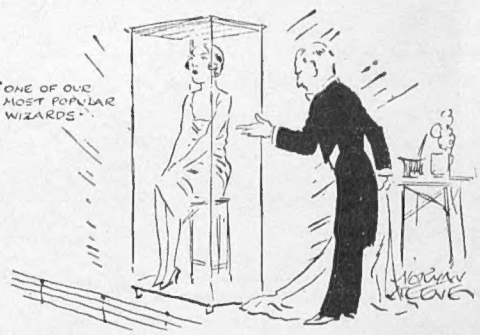
Music in the Provinces

THE prospectus of Beechams Pills, Ltd., which appeared a week ago, coinciding as it did with the American activities of Sir Thomas of that ilk, revives the old joke of our greatest conductor and the Philharmonic. By the way, I cannot pass over this subject without a belated compliment to Basil Cameron on being chosen to conduct the "Phil," and to the Philharmonic for giving this brilliant young musician his opportunity. Sir Hamilton Harty at Manchester, Sir Dan Godfrey at Bournemouth, and Basil Cameron at Harrogate are keeping the flame of music alive in the provinces.

'WALKED OUT AS THE COMMANDANT'



'THIS AGE OF THE AMATEUR'



"BACK TO THE BOARDS!" By David Wilson

Novice *v.* Hack

THE appointment of a headmistress who has never taught a girl in her life need not cause us to scoff at this Age of the Amateur. It is true that the feet of titled amateurs are beating heavily upon the pathways of journalism, but this is an age demanding something fresh both in expression and in point of view, and I am not sure that the novice is not preferable to the hack. The former may split his infinitives, but the latter is often a dull dog stocked with *clichés* which have done duty for a hundred years.

A Popular Wizard

MR. DAVID DEVANT, whose "death" has just been exaggerated by my daily paper, is, in fact, very much alive, though it would be an exaggeration to say that he is enjoying good health. He was well enough to attend a famous club quite recently, and was enthusiastically toasted by a large gathering of friends and admirers. If you are too young to remember Mr. Devant before his retirement, you will be interested to learn that he was associated with Maskelyne, and was one of our most popular wizards.

O.P. and Y.B.A.

I NOTICE that Maurice Browne, who practically started the Little Theatre movement in America, is back in England. Quite a number of young British authors owe him a debt of gratitude for giving them a first hearing on the other side, and I particularly recollect a triple bill in Chicago which was a model in this respect. It would be rather nice if the said Y.B.A. could get together and stand Maurice Browne a sandwich or something. Perhaps the O.P. Club will see to this.

The Truth of a Saying

WE have a glib way of saying that the pen is mightier than the sword, but, as in the case of other popular *clichés*, it is doubtful if many of us really believe it. Yet the truth of the saying was proved by the late Earl Haig, who, having drawn his sword for England, put it away when his job was done and plied his pen with even greater effect in the cause of the ex-Service man, and the wonderful results of his labours are to be seen to-day. No longer are ex-Service men's societies engaged in a not too friendly rivalry, but are united under the British Legion—and unity is strength.

His Beloved Bemersyde

EARL HAIG will go down to history as a great soldier, but his funeral proved that he will live in the hearts of his countrymen as a great-hearted gentleman who gave the last ten years of his life to helping the men who were broken in the War. He might so easily have limited his public activities to an occasional spectacular appearance, dividing the rest of his days between the genial South and his beloved Bemersyde. Had he done this he would probably be alive to-day.

His Own Epitaph

EARL HAIG has joined the ranks of those great soldiers who with one inspiring phrase wrote their own epitaphs largely upon the scroll of fame. His last words in public were: "Always play the game—stand up for England!" Those mourning multitudes who thronged the precincts of Westminster and who attended his lying-in-state at Edinburgh proved that "Duggie Haig" had always played the game and that he had stood up for England in her darkest hour.

The Earl was Human

MANY stories have been told of the dead soldier, but one of the most human concerned the apprehension of certain subalterns who received an unexpected visit from the Commander-in-Chief and wondered what he would think of the rather lively pictures decorating their hut some distance behind Arras. The same thing happened, I remember, with the members of a Divisional Concert Party, with the same excellent results, for it might be said that "the Earl was human and his tact divine."

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "THE TOUT"

IN THE RAIN AT KEMPTON

Col. D. C. Part trains with the Hon. Aubrey Hastings and owns that well-known 'chaser, Top Light. "Jacko" veils the identity of the famous manager of the Piccadilly Hotel, who is an enthusiastic racegoer with ambitions to lead in a "National" winner some day. Mr. G. W. Pennington rode Bovril III into second place behind Sprig in last year's "National," and may possibly reverse the placings this year at Aintree. He is in the 11th Hussars

The "Tote" Again

IT is perhaps just as well that during the season when many racing people are taking a few weeks off we have not heard much about the totalisator. There is every sign, however, that it is going to become a matter for rather fierce controversy in the near future. The Bill which will be introduced in the House of Commons this Session with the object of legalising the "tote" is not likely to go through without a considerable amount of opposition.

Good for Backers

IN my opinion the totalisator will be a good thing for the majority of backers, more especially the small punter, who at present is under the necessity of accepting any prices the bookmakers may care to offer. It is true that competition among the layers has the effect of causing their prices to be tolerably reasonable, but every racegoer knows that there exists a good deal of what is known as "pinching the odds." This particularly applies to the cheaper enclosures on our racecourses. The working man who can occasionally snatch a day's racing has nothing to lose by the installation of the totalisator, and this point should incline the Labour members to favour the Bill which is being brought forward.

Dividing the Proceeds

I HAVE referred to the fact that nothing at the present has decided as to the precise percentage which will be deducted from the totalisator should it come into force in this country. I assume the levy will be fixed at something like 10 per cent. The ideal arrangement would be for half of the proceeds to go to the Inland Revenue and the other moiety to return to racing for the purpose of the improvement of public accommodation and the maintenance of the sport generally. At first glance the 10 per cent. seems a tremendous deduction from the turnover of betting, but when you consider the odds which are quoted on the majority of races under existing conditions, you will realise that punters will be no worse off with the "tote" than they are to-day. The bookmakers declare that their net profits do not represent anything like the percentage which will be deducted by the totalisator, but it must be borne in mind that the layers have to meet heavy expenses before they are able to draw the line between profit and loss. In other words, "kitty" swallows up a great deal of the punters' money, and this has to be allowed for when we attempt to calculate how far the betting machine will be advantageous to racing people.

Effect on Racing

ONE cannot get away from the fact that in countries where the totalisator is an accomplished fact racing has continued to flourish. Take France, for example. Here the levy for some years past from the Pari-Mutuel has been as much as 11 per cent. Yet never in its history has the French Turf been more prosperous than it is to-day; never were greater crowds enjoying the sport. This conclusively shows that the totalisator can be worked without damaging the interests of backers.

Bookies' Position

WE may take it for granted that in addition to the Nonconformist antagonism the totalisator will be strongly opposed by the bookmaking fraternity. It is doubtful, however, whether this will carry a great deal of weight when the subject comes under the consideration of Parliament. In any case it is suggested that the bookies shall work side by side with the "tote" on the racecourses.

HUNTING NOTES . . .

By A. W. Coaten

Old Packs and New Masters

AS usual at this period of the season several changes of mastership are announced. After hunting the Pembrokeshire country, with a few coverts in Carmarthenshire, originally belonging to the old Cresselly Hunt dating from 1789 when Mr. John Bartlett Allen, grandfather of the present Master, had a pack, Mr. Seymour Allen has decided to give up his hounds at the end of the present season, greatly to the regret of his followers. By arrangement with Mr. W. H. Midwood, the Master of the Cheshire, permission has been given to Major B. W. Heaton, of White Hall, Tarporley, to hunt the Cheshire woodland country in succession to Captain W. H. Ockleston. Major Heaton, who has had considerable experience of hunting, was at one time Joint-Master and Huntsman of the Pendle Forest Harriers; he was also Secretary to the Aspull Harriers, and he acted as Master of the Garrison pack at the Curragh. Mr. Hubert Dorington, who has just been presented with a picture of five of his favourite hounds painted by Col. G. D. Armour in commemoration of his three years' mastership of the Hurworth, will be followed by Col. R. G. S. Gordon, who has been Master of the South Dorset since 1920. During the present season the Hurworth mastership has been in commission, the north side of the country, which lies partly in Durham and partly in Yorkshire, being hunted by Lord Southampton, the Master of the South Durham, on Wednesdays, and the south side by Captain K. S. Hunter, of Gilling Castle, on Saturdays.

Up North

ANOTHER North Country pack of which the mastership will be vacant at the end of the season is the Holderness, as Col. Stracey-Clitherow—a name closely identified with the good old coaching days of the past, especially on the Brighton road—has intimated that he will not be able to carry on any longer. The Hunt staff on the Holderness side, which is hunted on Mondays and Thursdays, is now mounted by Captain Bethell, of Rise Park, while Col Stracey-Clitherow, who acts as Master on these days, sends hounds by motor van to the meets. On the Wold side of the country, where the meeting days are Tuesdays and Saturdays, Col. T. C. Gurney acts as Field Master on behalf of his step-father, while the Howden country is lent to the York and Ainsty and is hunted by Capt. Harry Whitworth.

Vicissitudes of the 'Chase

THE opening month of the year was little short of disastrous for those who hunt over the grazing lands of the Shires where cattle most do congregate. It was only just at the end of what has been described as "the wettest January for eighty years" that the Atherstone were able to resume hunting after being stopped for five weeks by frost and foot-and-mouth disease restrictions. On the very next day there was a fresh outbreak which severely limited, and in some cases entirely stopped, the operations of the Quorn, Cottesmore, Pytchley, Fernie, and other Midland packs, while it practically confined the Belvoir to the Lincolnshire side of their country.

Going Racing at Kempton Park

AT THE LAST HURDLE *Central News*

Mah-Jongg (W. Stott up) and Dowser, seen on the left, taking the last jump in the Fullwell Selling Hurdle Mah-Jongg won by three lengths

WELL OVER *L.N.A.*

Fatallah (nearer camera) and Galahad taking one of the obstacles in the Sunbury Selling Hurdle. The race was won by Fatallah (G. Duller up), which was owned by Lord Queenborough

Photographs

MR. EASTMAN AND THE HON. MRS. A. RUSSELL

MRS. ASHWIN AND MRS. ROBERT VIVIAN

News Illus.

MRS. D'ARCY BAKER AND MR. DEAN IN THE PADDOCK

"NOW THEY'RE OFF!" *Sport and General*

The field photographed at the first hurdle during the running of the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap, won by Mr. Coltman's English Fare (J. Hogan up), which started second favourite at 7-2 against. The recent Kempton Park meeting suffered from the heavy rains, which made the going very heavy

Riviera Notes

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

ANYONE who might have had the impression that there were not many people in Monte Carlo last week ought to have tried to find themselves a seat at the Ambassadeurs round about tea-time on the occasion of the Gala in aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Mont-Boron. There were quite six hundred guests present, and many others who had taken tickets never got inside at all, for every inch of available space was occupied. It had been described beforehand as a *thé dansant*, but after watching the struggles of the staff to pass over the heads of the crowds more chairs and still more tables to squeeze into odd corners someone said it looked more like a furniture gala to him. It was soon obvious that there would be no chance of a dance, for the two dancing floors were covered with tables, one of them being presided over by the Duke of Connaught, looking extremely well and at least ten years younger than the age the reference books give him. With him were Major Berkeley Levett, Sir Frank and Lady Popham Young—the latter the very active president of the Committee who had contributed so much towards the big success of the afternoon—Lady de Bathe, Mrs. Huitfeldt, and Miss Steele, while Mr. Berry Wall was invited to join the party later in the afternoon.

THE programme comprised various items by well-known artistes, the songs of a Cossack choir being notably appreciated, and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis made a most charming and successful amateur auctioneer. A dress parade by Molyneux and a big tombola for attractive prizes added to the gaiety of the crowd, which included well-known English and American visitors from all parts of the Riviera.

THE short visit of the King and Queen of Afghanistan was a source of the greatest interest to the whole Riviera colony, and they both made a most favourable impression wherever they were seen. No American tourist could have crowded more sight-seeing into the time, and they saw the whole coast from Monte Carlo to Cannes, looked into several casinos, among them the casino at Juan-les-Pins, where they asked to be initiated into the mysteries of the tables, walked around the best shops at Cannes, and inspected the harbour, now crammed with smart yachts, and in between times received many distinguished visitors, foremost among them being the Duke of Connaught, who had an interesting half-hour with Their Majesties at the Majestic Hotel, which was their headquarters during their brief stay. It was raining when they crossed the Italian frontier, but for the greater part of the time they enjoyed the brilliant sunshine to which they had been looking forward. Apparently they take sunshine with them wherever they go, for in Paris their climatic luck has been excellent.

OUR next Royal visitors will be the King and Queen of Denmark, and Cannes is delighted at this proof of the pleasant memories they evidently took away with them after their holiday here a year ago. They have reserved the same suite of rooms at the Hôtel des Pins, which is a quiet hotel in an attractive garden not far from the Russian Church, and soon we shall doubtless see them at the races, the polo club, and other sporting resorts, as before. Prince Wilhelm of Sweden has already arrived in Nice and is staying at the Hôtel d'Angleterre et Grande Bretagne—a name probably meant to indicate a British atmosphere—and King Gustav will no doubt turn up before long for his annual tennis holiday in the South, which he never misses.

Sport and General

FRIENDLY RIVALRY

Mrs. M. Freeman (left) with Mlle. Lucie Prost, whom she defeated in the International Fencing Tournament at Cannes. Mlle. Prost is the French Champion

A CORNER IN SUNSHINE *C. N. Daly*

A group of visitors to the Bristol Hotel, at Beaulieu, find that the Riviera sun is living up to its reputation. The photograph shows, standing: Mr. Clifford Whitley (left), Mr. Sam Darling, Miss M. Towle, and Sir Francis Towle, and, sitting: Mrs. Macartney Filgate (left), Lady Towle, Miss Elsa Macfarlane (Mrs. Clifford Whitley), and Mrs. Satterthwaite

A NOTABLE event at Nice was the long-deferred unveiling of the war memorial—an original and quite striking monument which seems to have been carved in the rocky face of the cliff overlooking the harbour. The ceremony was performed by Marshal Foch in the presence of a huge crowd, which included the Duke of Connaught, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the British Consul, and many members of the British colony on the Riviera. In addition to the French troops

who took part there were officers and men from the French, Italian, American, and British Navies. Great Britain being represented by Admiral Preston and a detachment from H.M.S. *Cardiff,* which came specially from Malta for the occasion. Villefranche harbour was a fine sight while the various Allied warships were anchored in its sheltered waters, and the town of Nice was lavishly decorated with flags, with which the grotesque carnival decorations mingled somewhat incongruously on so solemn an occasion.

THE Cannes Races have begun, but it is sad to admit that the first two days were so showery that the attendance suffered considerably, and a lot of pretty frocks did not get the airing to which their fair owners had been looking forward. However, there are still eighteen more days of racing to follow, and we are content with the knowledge that we shall have far more fine days than would be probable at this time of the year in England. Steve Donoghue is staying at Juan-les-Pins, and it is said he will, for the first time, I believe, ride in some of the flat events a little later on. If he does the enclosures will not be large enough, for everybody will want to be there to join in the slogan with which he is generally associated. I must learn the French for "Come on, Steve!"

THE engagement of Michael Arlen, reported from St. Moritz, has greatly interested Cannes Society, for his *fiancée,* Countess Atlanta Mercati, spends a good deal of each winter season at the Cannes villa of her grandmother, Princess Alexis Karageorgevitch, who has just arrived here from Geneva, having recovered from a nasty motor accident. Countess Mercati is a charming and very accomplished young lady and plays a good game of golf. Other recent arrivals include Lord Deramore, who has now joined Lady Deramore, Major General Sir William Pulteney, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and Lady Pulteney, Lady Barrett-Lennard, Sir Alexander and Lady Grant, Lady Wolverton, Sir Joseph and Lady Hood, the Hon. Lady Norman—who has joined Sir Henry Norman and their daughter at the Château de la Garoupe, Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, Sir Archibald and Lady Mitchelson, Sir Algernon and Lady Firth, Lady Trustram Eve, Lady (Park) Lyle, and Sir Francis and Lady Lowe. Mr. Kenelm Lee Guinness and his bride are also here and will spend their honeymoon on the yacht *Migrant,* which has been awaiting them in the harbour for several weeks.

MENTON is noted for its bridge parties, and both in the local clubs and in private villas the game is a feature of the winter programme of recreations. There was a big party in aid of the funds of the Sanatorium at Gorbio the other day, held at the Hôtel d'Orient, and among the many present were Sir Henry and Lady Ledgard, the Hon. Lady White Thompson, Lady Wills, Mrs. Beresford Coke, Lady Watts, Colonel and Mrs. Barton, Sir M. Bhownaggree, Lady Acton How, Lady Flora Poore, Miss Victoria Cross, Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, and many others. The tombola realised a goodly sum and the prizes were well worth having.

As the season advances there are numerous fresh arrivals daily and the approach of the fiftieth anniversary of King Carnival's entry into Nice will bring crowds southwards, for it will be a big affair this month. At present the number of visitors along the coast is probably rather less than at this date last year, but if the present rate of arrivals keeps up there will be little, if anything, to complain about. Motorists, by the way, who have come by road from Paris declare that the main roads have never been so excellent. The Government certainly spent some money and accomplished something during the past summer. D. W. T.

IN A RIVIERA GARDEN *Marc Le Noir*

Madame Goldman photographed in one of the magnificent gardens which are such a feature of the Côte d'Azur. This picture was made at the Croix des Gardes

OUTSIDE THE CAFE DE PARIS *Sport and General*

Some well-known *hivernants* at Monte Carlo "pass the time of day" in one of the most famous spots in Europe. The photograph shows Mr. C. D. L. Inglefield (left), Lady Pitcairn Campbell, Lady de Bathe, Mr. Berry Wall, and Lieut.-General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell

C. N. Daly

A SOUTHERN SETTING

Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn photographed at Beaulieu. Vast numbers of theatregoers remember her as Miss Edna May

Topical

A PROMENADE AT CANNES

M. and Mme. Paul Dubonnet waylaid by the photographer at Cannes. Before her marriage Mme. Dubonnet was Miss Jean Nash

A HOSPITAL ENCOUNTER *L.N.A.*

A St. Mary's player photographed getting the ball away on being tackled in the recent game between St. Mary's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, at Richmond. This was in the first round of the Hospitals Cup, and St. Mary's won by 3 points to nil

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, CHAPS"

By PENDARVES

The Waratahs have played their last game here, and are leaving us for Canada, and thence for their homes in New South Wales. There cannot surely be a player or a spectator in Great Britain who is not genuinely sorry to have to say good-bye to them. People say that these tours are not meant primarily as displays of prowess, but rather to show us something of the physique, spirit, and character of our Colonial kinsmen. Well, the Waratahs have been the most excellent ambassadors of all those attributes; and New South Wales have had the best displayed advertisement in all our papers and on many of our grounds through the medium of these Rugger-playing sportsmen of theirs that it would be possible to obtain.

They have always been a joy to watch on the field and a pleasure to meet in the drawing-room—and you can't want anything much more than that of any body of men. We, on the other hand, have been able to show them something of the home countries: and, from what they themselves say, the Mother Country will have a pretty good displayed advertisement taken back on the Canadian-Australasian liner *Agranci* on March 6. One of them said to me in a dressing-room some weeks ago, "I shall never enjoy anything so much in my life again as all this—*never*: that's the rotten part about it . . ." And he seemed unconsciously to be voicing the feeling of all his pals. So *that* is all right.

Although they are not taking back a dramatic record of victories such as the All Blacks did, theirs is more than a good show all the same, their record being: Played, 31; won, 24; drawn, 2; lost, 5. Points for, 432; against, 207. Their conquerors were Oxford University and Pontypool in club matches, and they lost one game in France. In International engagements they were defeated by England and Scotland, but they beat Ireland, Wales, and France. Good enough, to say the least of it.

Their last game, against London, another pointless draw, was not a game at all, but merely a crowning exhibition of the Waratahs' good sportsmanship. No sustained Rugger of any representative sort could be shown by either side on that pestilential day of rain and squelching mud. The ground at Twickenham was like a morass: the conditions were such as the New South Wales men loathe, do not understand, and cannot shine in. We sat through a dreary eighty minutes of mud-mucking. None of us after ten minutes' play could distinguish the blue jersey from the white: nobody could hold the ball: few men could stand without constantly slipping—even the scrums collapsed with a "squish—squelch—wallop." Mr. Hellewell would blow his whistle monotonously—and they would begin all over again, wiping the mud out of their eyes with mud-caked hands—a ghastly travesty of what might have been a great game. And yet they stuck it out with splendid grit, attacking frenziedly in the last few minutes of their last game, though every man was carrying at least another stone weight of mud upon his person, and all were deadly tired and fed to the teeth with the futility of it. The band blared out "For Auld Lang Syne" at the end: the Waratahs gathered round in an unrecognisable circle and put up their last chant of tribute to the adversary: the chilled spectators stood up and muttered, "Well, good-bye, chaps," if not in speech at least in thought—and the dressing-room hid those fifteen "white men" from us for the last time. Good luck to them through all their lives.

I had a new view of Twickenham on that day: from the added height of the East Stand (the Press Box was under water), and, really, the view of a Rugger game from way up there—especially from the front row—is extremely good. You seem to get a clearer conception of the details of movements: the players seem to be actually underneath you. The general view on a crowded day is certainly much more dramatic: the whole glamour and drama of the matter is spread most strikingly and excitingly before you. Dearly should I like to be in the front row up there on March 17—but, of course, Engineer-Commander Coopper won't let me; for Navy discipline is as inflexible as the armour plating of its battleships; and he will say, "Friend, go down lower and keep quiet; I'm busy."

Leading Rugger Clubs

BY MAC

No. 14.—THE UNITED SERVICES (PORTSMOUTH)

The "Pompey" Services always turn out a strong and sporting side. They have a good pack this season, with a robust leader in Lieut. R. C. Harry, and have the good fortune to possess that sterling full-back, Sub-Lieut. K. A. Sellar

Produced at the Ambassadors Theatre, December 12, 1927
Transferred to Criterion Theatre, January 23, 1928

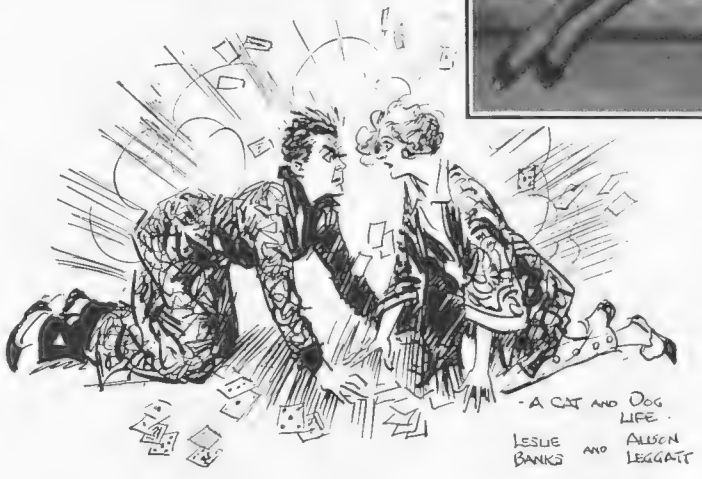
By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

It used to be regarded as an axiom that one thing leads to another, but after seeing this play I feel in a position to dispute that over-positive conclusion. The title would appear to have been suggested by the strange antics of the hare during the mating season when a prospective bridegroom usually gets excited for fear some other fellow should run off with his girl. The play itself is delightfully mad from first to last, chiefly I think on account of the remarkable acting of Mr. Leslie Banks and Miss Athene Seyler, who put quite as much into the play as they get out of it. The entertainment almost justifies an inversion of the old tag so far as to suggest that the mouse in labour has brought forth a mountain

We begin with Mrs. Janet Rodney (Miss Hilda Trevelyan), who is one of the saner members of the household. She is seated at home "Just about Dinner Time," awaiting the return of her daughter Janet and young Mr. Wareham, who apparently conduct a school of elocution somewhere in London, and maintain the home out of the profits of their joint industry. Incidentally, the two are engaged to be married. Then the servant announces that Mr. Edgar Fuller has called to see Mr. Rodney, and has brought quite a lot of luggage with him. Mrs. Rodney has never heard of the man, and her first conclusion is that he must be some kind of commercial traveller with something to sell which no one wants to buy. Mr. Fuller is duly shown in, and proves to be a model of old-fashioned courtesy. He has come, he says, because Mr. Wareham has invited him to stay at the house for a week or so; Mrs. Rodney cannot help exclaiming that that is very awkward, because they have no spare room in the house.

Then Wareham returns. He cannot at first remember having invited anyone to stay with him, but presently his memory improves. He knows all about it now. His fiancée, Janet, has invited a girl friend to stay with her, a Miss Claudia Kitts. She says Claudia is her affinity or something like that. Therefore Wareham also must have an affinity. Hence Mr. Fuller. What's an affinity? Nobody knows for certain, so they look the word up in the dictionary and find that it relates to certain forms of chemical combination. Still, it does not matter. And since Fuller has actually accepted the invitation, he shall have Wareham's room and Wareham will occupy the room of his man Oliver, who, in his turn, can go out and take a room at an hotel for the week. So that's all satisfactorily settled.



Then Janet returns, bringing with her Claudia Kitts, and strenuously denies that she ever said anything about an affinity. Meanwhile, Claudia has a look round. She gives the impression of being a desperate spinster resolved to find a man for herself somewhere or somehow. And as Wareham is a well-set-up young fellow, she at once throws him the glance of gladness, and lingers on it till it is clear she can hope for no sort of encouragement.

Stage Photo Co.

EXPLAINING MATTERS

Janet Rodney (Alison Leggatt) listens to Mr. Brown (James Lindsay) with marked composure. Her mother (Hilda Trevelyan) is a little more perturbed, however

Wareham strongly objects to the presence of Claudia in the house. He interprets her intrusion as a sign that Janet is trying to oust him, so that she can keep the establishment to herself. There is no evidence that Janet is trying to do anything of the sort. Still it does not matter, anyway.

When the curtain rises on the Second Act it is "Just about Bed Time," and after Wareham and Janet have indulged in a brief but fierce lovers' quarrel, the household retires in good order. There is a brief interval, and then Wareham returns with the explanation that he cannot possibly sleep in Oliver's room, since the very wall-paper exudes an aroma of steak-and-onions. He therefore curls up on a settee several sizes too small for him and composes him-

self for slumber in a cramped position that would render sleep impossible to an ordinary person. The lights are no sooner out than down the stairs creeps Claudia Kitts, in decorous pyjamas, to take another glance at the fascinating Wareham. Growing bolder, she bends over him and kisses him lightly on the brow, and as he wakes with a start, she drops swiftly beside the settee by way of taking cover, so that as Wareham springs from his couch to turn up the light he all but steps on her face. He is very angry at being disturbed in this way; but Claudia is not a lady to be easily repressed. As he sits on his couch she perches herself beside him, and the two nag at each other till Janet comes downstairs to find out who is making all the noise.

CLAUDIA promptly runs away; but Janet decides to stay and finish the quarrel that was begun in the First Act. Wareham warns her that she is making him angry. She is not only trying to oust him from the home he partly supports, but she is apparently striving to find an excuse for breaking their engagement, and he feels that the time has come for him to assert himself. He therefore steps up to Janet and gives her a good slap on the cheek, and as she shows no sign of turning the other cheek to the smiter, he helps himself, and slaps that too. Janet then throws her engagement ring at him, and another promising romance, it seems, is over.

Stage Photo Co.

SHE WHO GETS SLAPPED

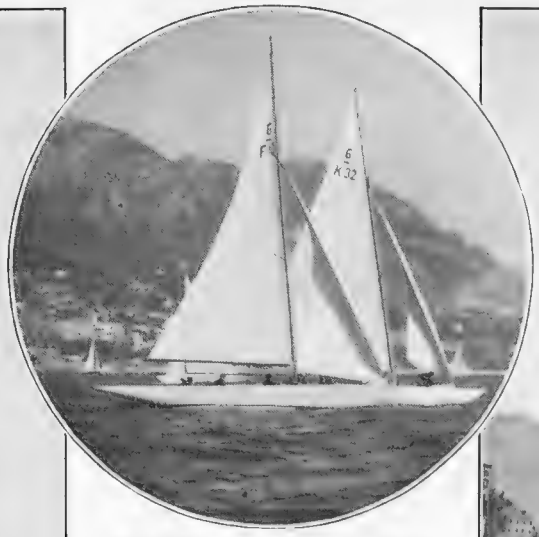
Geoffrey Wareham (Leslie Banks), his soul full of contrition and his arms full of Lancée (Alison Leggatt), realises that face-slapping may have serious consequences. However, when Janet turns the tables on him, the sequel is more satisfactory

THE Third Act takes place. "Just about Lunch Time—the Next Day." Claudia finding that she cuts no ice with Wareham, throws herself at Fuller's head. The young man has known her only for a few hours, but he protests that she shall marry him just to demonstrate that he is not to be trifled with. Claudia protests that she does not want to marry him, but Fuller declares that he is not a man to be lightly turned from his purpose. Just about that time it transpires that Claudia is another man's wife, and is therefore ineligible. Still, it doesn't matter, because her husband calls for her shortly afterwards, explaining apologetically that it is only Pretty Fanny's way, or something of that sort. And after Claudia has been taken away, and Mr. Fuller has retired hurt, as you might say, Janet and Wareham have a return match of their quarrel. This time it is Janet who opens hostilities. She gives Wareham a sounding slap in the face that sends him reeling back into a chair, and then she rushes to his side and tearfully hopes that she did not really hurt him. Wareham's reply is to take her in his arms and send out for a marriage licence. The gentleman who first placed it on record that it is only the unexpected that happens would find his dictum handsomely confirmed by the playful incoherence of this discursive story. Mr. Leslie Banks is delightfully mad, while Miss Athene Seyler is as sweetly frivolous as ever; and the acting of the company as a whole is quite agreeably perfect.

JINGLE.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE FROM CLAUDIA TO FULLER

VOIRA, A NEW ITALIAN EIGHT-METRE YACHT



SIX-METRE YACHTS ROUNDING A MARK OFF MONACO

TWINS II, A NEW ITALIAN SIX-METRE YACHT

Days Afloat on the Riviera

By CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON

In spite of the progress of Blue Trains and Rolls-Royce cars, there is another way to enjoy travel on the Riviera, and that is to follow in the wake of Ulysses in one's own staunch craft. There is no more entrancing cruising ground for lovers of ships and the sea than the sapphire waters and sun-kissed coasts of the tideless Mediterranean that gave life to Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, and inspired Sappho and Homer. Nor is this means of travel confined to the favoured few possessed of a bottomless purse; in fact, "the smaller the ship the greater the fun" will be found quite a sound axiom for a Riviera cruise. The hardy mariner and his wife with a couple of pals and a paid hand can come round up the Straits in a converted pilot cutter quite as well as the thousand-ton steam yacht; while a man and his wife with the aid of a friend will find the trip through the inland waterways of France from Havre *via* Rouen and Paris to the Rhone and Latin Lake quite a feasible proposition if they start early in the autumn and get through the Canal de Bourgogne before the ice sets in.

Once on the Riviera, however one comes and in whatever type of craft, one has an ample choice of entrancing anchorages all the way from Marseilles to Italy. Cassis, Bandol, and Toulon come first, then the fairy islands of Porquerolles, and Port Cros, beloved of Conrad and Stevenson. Cavalaire, St. Tropez, Ste. Maxime, and St. Raphael are quiet havens of pure delight, especially St. Tropez, whence start the fleet of wine coasters at dawn scudding before a fair wind for Nice, Monaco, or Menton. Cannes is the Cowes of the Riviera, so packed with yachts during the season that frequently one has to pass across the deck of at least one neighbour before reaching one's own floating home. One well-known yachtsman had the trying experience last year of having to cross the craft of his divorced wife before going aboard to greet his bride.

Golfe Juan and Antibes are quiet harbours in the vicinity of Cannes and Nice, the latter being a quaint old port with traditions of the sea. The yachtsman will find a delightful mooring round the corner from Nice at Villefranche. Here the houses rise in tiers from the water's edge, and as one threads one's way through the dank alleys and up the steps and stairs one glimpses through buttress and archways one's craft at anchor among the warships moored in the bay. Clusters of golden mimosa among the pines and eucalyptus lend a note of colour to St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat that is enhanced by the gay geraniums that line the walls of villa and café along the waterside. Though a trifle shallow, this is a very popular harbour for motor cruisers in search of quiet, yet within reach of Nice and Monte Carlo. The latter, in spite of its world-famed Temple of Chance, has a pleasant hint of the sea and seamen. A fisherman is mending his nets on Monaco quay in blue jersey and flapping black hat; aboard a wine *tartane* a novice in gaudy red shirt is receiving instruction in the art of splicing a well-worn halyard. Beneath the shadow of the white lighthouse an excited crowd of nondescripts gather to watch the stately procession of a shoal of grey mullet. Excitement is intense and cigarettes go out. I can hear the onlookers hold their breath, their hearts forbear to beat. Antonio's rod is seen to assume that bow shape beloved of the disciples of Izaak Walton. A fine mullet is landed, and the group disperses to continue the day's repose.

In Garavan Bay, where the naked Alps rise sheer from the blue Mediterranean, one finds a study in blue and gold, with the sea shimmering in the sunshine. It is early morning, and the boats are just back from hauling the nets. Sitting on the quay or afloat in their craft moored to rings or bollards along the shore, the swarthy fisherfolk are breakfasting off bread and tomatoes, salad, and tiny raw fish. With eyes as black as their hair, gaily clad girls and aged crones are sitting in the boats; they have brought down the baskets of food to their lords and masters, fathers or lovers, and are about to start work about the nets. The plash of oars and the lilt of young laughter is in the air. Reacting to the joyous note of the sunshine young Menton finds the glamour of the port a pleasant change from the dark alleys and grimy stairs of the Old Town.

Startling Reductions!

BY WILMOT LUNT

SHOPWALKER (*from force of habit*): "Silverware?—Yes, sir, this way!"

A Quintette from the Hunting Counties

Photo Illus.

WITH THE HOST AND HOSTESS

Major the Hon. J. J. Astor and Lady Violet Astor with Mr. G. M. Davidson, the Master of the West Kent, at a recent meet of the pack. Hounds met at Hever Castle, Major Astor's Kentish seat

Brit. Illus.

THE HON. GUY CUBITT

Photographed at a recent meet of the Crawley and Horsham at Cowfield. He is the youngest son of Lord Ashcombe

Sport and General

AT THORPE ARNOLD

Prince Henry in conversation with Baroness Ravensdale on a recent hunting day at Thorpe Arnold. They were out with the Belvoir

L.N.A.

A MEET IN THE SNOW

Lady Brecknock (right) photographed with Miss Crawfurd at a recent meet of the Quorn. This was held amid snow at Thimble Hall, Leicestershire

Poole, Waterford

MOVING OFF IN IRELAND

Mr. de Courcy Parry (right) photographed at a recent meet of the Wexford, of which he is the Master. Major Lakin was Master of this pack from 1912 up to last season

"There were great wads of money in his hands"

UNDER THE PLAY-GODS' LANTERN

By VENNETTE HERRON

(Author of "Peacocks," "Fulfilment," "Perfume and Poison," etc.

Illustrations by ALBERT BAILEY

"I CAN'T!" thought Beatrice. "Go back—to all that stodginess. . . . Vicar's wife coming to tea every Thursday. . . . Playing patience with Aunt Julia—winding yarn for Aunt Mathilda. . . . Never any change—everlasting rain and fog. . . . Ugh!" Sitting in the soft glow of inflooding Riviera-afternoon sun, she shuddered.

"You are cold, *Ma'moiselle?*" It was Prince Sergius Gorsky who asked, his sombre gaze always upon her, poetic and adoring. How beautiful she was, this fair English miss—with her hair like fine gold wire, eyes blue as the Baie des Anges, skin like petals of roses dipped in milk. Ah, if things were only different—his world not all awry! He thought of the widowed Baronne de Trevennes, whose steward he had been for the past two years. . . . Fat, fifty, languishing—her sallow face dabbed with *eau de Cologne* and streaked with cosmetics—her little pudgy hands—counting over her money, pouncing and clutching at the coins like the talons of a bird of prey—her stinginess—her horrible kittenish overtures—insinuations that she would be generous, if only he . . . Also "Ugh!" And the Prince, too, shivered.

"Have you ever been in England?" Beatrice's mind was still whirling—twisting her problem this way and that; but she must say something—not just sit silent, wrapped in the warmth of those ardent eyes.

"Unfortunately, not, *Ma'moiselle.*" And it was as though he apologised for ignorance of anything which concerned her.

"I'm devoted to my country—truly; but I detest living in it!" She laughed.

Whereat Prince Serge laughed, too—without much reason, since he'd never been there—but because he felt happier just sitting quietly by her side than he had felt for weary years.

"I don't want to go back!" Beatrice spoke under her breath and half to herself.

"Go back—you mean to England? But, *Ma'moiselle*—" There was more than protest, positive terror, in his tone—"you won't do that, will you?"

"I may have to!" answered Beatrice flatly.

"Oh!" The Prince understood the words "have to"; he had "had to" do many things himself—and the day would come when he would "have to" give up even this tiny glimpse of joy which he had found. He'd always known that, of course—but it mustn't be yet. . . . "Don't go yet!" he pleaded.

"Not till I must!" promised Beatrice, her eyes wandering over the little assembly. How picturesque it was—different from anything she'd formerly known—imagination provoking! . . .

The old Princess, enthroned in the worn armchair—delicious in cracked brocade and real lace cap, with an ivory-headed stick by her side—her tiny blue-veined hands fluttering in finished gestures, as she retold for each newcomer the quite true—yet too tragic to sound real or anything but romantic—tale of her torture by the Bolsheviks.

And Beatrice was thrilled. She'd never known princesses in England—she'd never known anything but stolid, prosperous respectability and grey fog—interspersed with one or two precious months of balmy and pearl-tinted spring perhaps, but principally greyness—until she came to the South of France. . . .

She stared out, through long windows, across the brick-tiled terrace to the clustered green-gold globes of oranges, hanging like carnival balloons

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in the trees before the small villa, last refuge and possession of her hostess.

When Beatrice rose to go the Prince accompanied her to the door: "What, you're leaving, too, Prince?"

"Yes—I've only permission until seven o'clock." The mouth of the young man curled ironically, but his eyes twinkled at her. He was still really young—not over twenty-seven or eight—but with the sensitive, clean-cut features of a once dreaming boy curiously clamped into hard lines of maturity by some memory of which he never spoke. "If it just happens that you're walking back to your villa, *Ma'moiselle* . . ." he suggested hopefully—manner very correct, voice a caress, her hand held half-way to his lips—wondering if he might venture to kiss it anyway, or if that were a pleasure to be bought only at the price of parting.

"I think I am," smiled Beatrice, slowly withdrawing her hand. "Shall we start?" It was, of course, not the first—or even the second—time that she had met Prince Sergius Gorsky in the *salon* of the old Princess; nor was it the first occasion that they had taken to stroll together to the somewhat pretentious estate of the Baronne de Trevennes.

The miniature bay was tinged with rose fire—the opposite cliffs quivered in layers of opalescent haze—melted into dusky blue beneath the tall arches of a far fabulous bridge.

"'Twas about here, legend says, that the fisher-folk once saw a stream of blood across the sea, which receded as they followed it, and so guided them to the bodies of some murdered monks and villagers near Eze. It's easy to understand how they saw blood on the waters at the hour of rising sun, isn't it?" said the Prince.

"Yes," responded Beatrice dreamily. "But I love such tales! . . . I love everything that's romantic and beautiful—everything here!"

"I, too," mused Prince Serge. "That is why . . ." He paused. In her heart Beatrice knew the words which trembled on his tongue. "But it's not for a *major-domo* to indulge in foolish fancies!" he concluded, with a little bitter gesture.

"A prince!" thought Beatrice. "And he loves me! . . . Such a thing could never have happened at home! Yet it's not only because of that that I . . . He's so gay sometimes, in such a sad way—and so sad, in such a gay way—that it makes one want . . . If only I had money myself. . . . But I haven't."

They walked on in silence, while the colours paled. And then, miraculously, the moon was there above them.

It was all too lovely—and too stupid! There they were—together—alone under the over-arching old olives—the play-gods' lantern hung out for them. . . . . Moving close-crushed along the narrow path, their bodies touching, and touching, thrilled. . . . . Ached to become one, those bodies—both young, slim and unsullied—and by laws of Nature, because of their strain toward each other, already mated. Yet did they walk silently through the poignant poem of evening—holding themselves, by stern will, apart.

Once the Prince laughed aloud; while Beatrice wondered, but said nothing. He was thinking: "To ask her to marry me—to become the *femme de chambre* of *Madame la Baronne*, perhaps—a merry thought, what . . . Though I suppose she'd fire me if I took a wife, and I wouldn't even have that! . . . *Cochon!*" The last for the *baronne*, of course. From the well of his poverty he looked up at Beatrice, seeing her—so smartly dressed, living in her own little villa, with a maid of her own—as a lady of luxury. . . . Quite forgetting, so quickly does circumstance mould a man's view, that a short decade ago he would have seemed a King Cophetua to her *bourgeoise* simplicity.

Even yet glamour hung over him, in the eyes of Beatrice; but it did not blind her to practicalities—and even with a prince one may not live on nothing—perhaps less easily with a prince than with another. No, there could be no question of marriage between them, she knew as well as he. But what of the moment—the fragrant, moon-lit, fast-fleeting present, which found them together—which was theirs—yet not to use. . . . Why? To feel his arms just once around her—more, oh, much more—not to care—to love, with no fear for what might come after—just once! There was no one anywhere to be genuinely hurt by what she might do, except herself, Beatrice reflected; yet because of the training of two strict, old-fashioned aunts could not bring herself to the breaking point for love alone—even though she had contemplated . . . But she would not remember that now! Queer—she could justify necessity in her mind—almost; but not desire.

And the Prince. . . . Why was it that a gentleman might claim any other woman, for any light cause whatsoever—but never, oh, never, unless he could claim her honourably, the one whom he honestly loved and wanted—why?

Supremely ridiculous, yet steadfast, in a delicious dramatic intensity of self-martyrdom, the two swung on—loitered, their hands brushing one against the other, not daring to clasp.

"Oh, why weren't we both born twenty years earlier?" groaned the Prince, kicking sharply aside a little gleaming silver stone.

"If we had been we'd never have met!" said Beatrice, disdaining to misunderstand.

"With all your worship of beauty you are practical, *Ma'moiselle*."

"One has to be, hasn't one—in these days?"

"No doubt you're right!" admitted Prince Serge grimly. "What are you doing this evening?"—almost as though it were his prerogative to know.

"But why do you ask that?" parried Beatrice.

"I beg your pardon, *Ma'moiselle*; I did not mean to be impertinent. I forgot myself. But I like to be able to picture you always—wherever you are. . . . All the time I'm not making pictures of—of things which might have been, but which never will be now. A night like this on a yacht, for instance. . . . There's a little island I know of—not too far from here—where one can dine beneath the trees, beside an ancient monastery, served only by the monks, with the sound of the lap-lapping sea on both sides—and——"

"And I'm going to dine with Isadore Krauss!" broke in Beatrice—bluntly, because it hurt her so. "Somewhere in Nice probably; and ——"

"With that unutterable bounder!" All the soft magic of pretending slipped from Prince Serge. "Dear *Ma'moiselle*, tell me that you're joking!"

"But why—is he so very wicked?"

"Wicked? . . . I've no idea. But he's much worse than wicked; he's unspeakably vulgar! But, of course, you know. To picture you with *le Baron Krauss*—a white peacock dining with a pig in a seaboard palace. . . . *Ma'moiselle*, it's unthinkable!"

"Unfortunately, he's so desperately rich that one has to think of it! Everyone does—dine with him now—whenever they're invited. . . . And you see——"

"I see. I'm sorry that I asked—it would have been better to go on making my own pictures. However, I am well repaid for my impertinence." They had come to a halt before her own garden gate. The Prince bowed stiffly and raised her hands to his lips; his black-lashed grey eyes were steel-cold; ideals meant much to him.

There were tears in Beatrice's eyes; but she turned her head to hide them. She listened to his footsteps, firm and military, clicking fainter and fainter on the hard white road. "Somehow I must stay here—I must! I can't—not even see him any more! If I could just go on seeing him, perhaps some day I'd find a way—have the courage. . . . Somehow I must stay!"

(*Continued on page 267*)

"Her Hair Streamed Like a Meteor"

Joan Craven

MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY

The talented young actress who is now playing the leading part of Clare in "Lord Babs." This is the successful farce at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE SUNLIT GLORY

The girl in the foreground has a fine vantage view of Monte Carlo and Monaco, glistening like a monstrous jewel, set in the Mont Agel C

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Y OF MONTE CARLO

ne Mediterranean's sapphire. She, herself, is seated on a bank above the famous Corniche road leading to La Turbie and the el Golf Course

"They Sin Who Tell Us Love Can Die"

Raphael

DEREK OLDHAM AND WINNIE MELVILLE

In a charming love scene from "The Vagabond King," which has recently been transferred to the Gaiety Theatre. Derek Oldham, who takes the part of François Villon, is seen here outpouring a poet's love in the ear of Katherine de Vaucelles (Winnie Melville)

(Continued from page 262)

She opened the gate.

At the end of the walk a steep flight of stone steps, leading up to the villa, perched upon a point of rock, like the nest of an eagle. . . . A bizarre little structure of rough orange stucco—several oddly shaped rooms, piled one above the other and connected by a fantastic winding stair.

A ridiculous, delicious, impossible, irresistible abode, and Beatrice loved it! Not that she could or would ever have contrived anything like it herself, but it was so exactly the reverse of anything she'd ever seen or known before coming here that it served to transport her into an entirely new world. It was a Peter Pan house, and in it she had lived like Wendy—glad, yet tormented sometimes by memories of the conventions and requirements of earth.

And now, after two glorious years, which had brought ever-increasing growth and awakening, which were just beginning to flower into all sorts of exquisite relationships, unless she could quickly find a way—unless she could bring herself to take the only way she had found open—she could live there no longer; she would have to give it all up—everything—and go back to a life which she knew now to be no life at all.

Throwing herself down upon one of the couches, Beatrice extracted the aunts' letter, which she kept tucked behind a cushion to facilitate repeated perusal, and read it over for the umpteenth time

". . . And, of course, Beatrice, you know very well how heartily we disapproved and opposed your going abroad to live by yourself on the small inheritance which our dear brother was so unwise as to leave you in such an unconditional way — entirely against our advice. (As if I hadn't heard all that a thousand times before!) M-m-m. . . . far too young to live alone with propriety—and in France of all countries! (Poor Aunt Mathilda, with her one visit to Paris in the early 'nineties!) . . . so it does not surprise us that you have now come to the end of your own resources; it is, indeed, quite what we foresaw. But that you should expect us to help you to continue such a perverse existence—really, Beatrice, your Aunt Julia and I are astonished! . . . Nevertheless, and in spite of your wilful folly, we wish to recognise our full duty toward our dear dead brother's daughter, and our house is still open to you. If you are ready to return to the comfortable home which, I am sure you must agree now, you ought never to have left, we will see that you are provided with everything suitable; and if you have not money enough to come we will send a sufficient sum for the journey—but more it is useless to ask, for we will never assist you to live in that shameless fashion! . . . We have done all we could, for our brother's sake, to keep people from talking, and I think you'll find them prepared to overlook and be kind if only you . . . etc., etc., etc.

" Your affectionate aunt,

" Mathilda Blandford."

" So that's that! Well, I must face it, that's all . . . And anything—*anything* is better than going back to that stagnation! "

"They had come to a halt before her own garden gate"

She dressed herself as though for a part on the stage—in pale green and silver, which made her look like a nymph—until she added long jade earrings and a vermilion mouth, after which the effect was—well, not too far off from that for which she was striving.

When the Baron Isadore Krauss arrived, in his purring Rolls-Royce, enamelled canary-yellow, he smiled; something about her appearance seemed to give him unusual confidence.

They dined, as Beatrice had foreseen, at the Rhul—in a specially reserved corner, with especially ordered orchids on the table. And throughout the meal she was more gracious than the poor clumsy man had ever expected to find her.

He was undoubtedly a dreadful person, but pathetic rather than vicious—the type above all others which most jars upon the nerves of a fastidious woman who, having accepted his hospitality, may not show her scorn. Beatrice blushed for his manners, even before the waiters, and hoped intensely that they would not be recognised by acquaintances—even though the size of his fortune was such as to make him more than *comme il faut* as an escort, and herself, as his guest, a creature to be envied.

He was not actually bad-looking; but obviously crudely chance-begotten—his features blurred, raw, unfinished. His eyes were a trifle too small, his ears decidedly too large, his mouth too ripe and moist—his whole aspect too greedy. And greedy is what he was—for life, for love, for pleasure, for place, for dim-glimpsed refinements which he knew not how to define—for all the things which birth and boyhood had denied him. Such was Baron Isadore Krauss, descendant of Jerusalem, born in Germany, enriched in America, now citizen of France.

" You like the artichoke—*hein?* I wire' to Paris for them yesterday—because I hear' you say you like them."

" It was very thoughtful of you; and I am fond of them," acknowledged Beatrice, nibbling daintily. How to begin? How did women bargain—arrange affairs like this—even after they'd decided? . . . He'd made it plain

over and over again that he wanted her—that he wasn't free to marry, because of a wife who'd gone mad about the time he made his money—but that—well, he wanted her terribly! And curiously enough he'd always left it at that. Was it respect—the fear of losing her altogether, which kept him from going on to a definite proposition—or was it the caution of avarice? Beatrice wondered. That he could, quite simply and almost childishly, be waiting and counting upon winning her affection first and offering her luxury afterwards certainly never occurred to her. But somehow she must make him aware of her pressing needs and of her readiness to barter . . . Heavens! could it be she, Beatrice Blandford, who had come to this? But—never to see Prince Serge again—never to walk with him by the fairy sea . . . No, her choice was made; *anything* was better than to leave this land of miracle for what had been to her only a land of monotony.

"We drive over to Monte Carlo for a little flyer later—*hein?*"

"I don't know—" wavered Beatrice, "I'm tired to-night." And then, like a flash, came inspiration. "Yes, let's go! But first—I'm going to tell you something—and ask a favour." Leaning over the table she told him—softly, delicately, her voice attuned to the sensuous strains of the orchestra: "I've had difficulties lately—and such rotten luck! And—and—well, I *must* begin winning again somehow—or I'll have to go back to live with my relations in England—and I loathe the very idea of that! So—it just occurred to me—you nearly always have such wonderful luck—won't you share it with me for once? . . . Won't you please take this and stake it for me?" And she pushed towards him a single *mille* note. "It's—well, I haven't many more of them," she confessed tremulously.

Before she had done the Baron was beaming. "Poor little thing! I play for you of course; I'll win very much—you'll see!" He patted her hand benignly, and she submitted. "Women always need someone to take care of them."

"I won't go in with you—that might spoil it," said Beatrice, an hour or so later, as they drove up before the Casino. "It's so unusually warm to-night, I'll wait on the terrace."

"But I may take some time."

"I don't mind; I've lots to think of. *Bonne chance!*"

Her silver-sequinned cloak drawn close about her throat, she wandered down some winding steps into the moonlight. "Silly ass—not to think himself that if I went in with him and he lost, there'd be no way . . . And he couldn't win enough, of course. Well, I've given him his opportunity—if he takes it, I won't cheat! Honourable in dishonour—Beatrice Blandford—God! Queer—it isn't the things that hold most people that hold me here . . . The Casino up there—I've been in it perhaps ten times altogether—it's not anything that people mean when they speak of the gay life or joys of the Riviera which hold me. It's this! . . . This beauty—this feeling of being alive—of glittering, gorgeous life going on all about me . . . I can't leave it—I can't! And then—Serge!"

Aimlessly she had straggled down toward the right; now she stood on a narrowish strip of paved terrace, elbows propped upon the stone parapet. All the decorated, delectable pageantry of that place stole into her blood—tingling—cajoling . . . All the brilliant, sparkling froth of freedom spilled itself out before her—all the colourful drama of the colourful ages. She sank into it as into a warm sea—swam in it—out into eternal moonlight . . . That far away island . . . The broken poet-prince who loved her—instead of the sporting vicar's son, whom she might have had at home . . . And then in beautiful, despairing sincerity at the last, losing herself . . . Serge!

"Are you there, Mees Blandford? I've been searching everywhere!" The Baron reached her, puffing and panting. "Such luck you never see—and it's all yours! . . . Look!" There were great wads of money in his hands—thousands and thousands and thousands of francs—it made her dizzy to look at it! He was thrusting it at her. She'd never dreamed he'd be as generous as that! . . . Where could he have got hold of it, anyway? Oh well, she was saved! . . . Or lost! Which was it? She gasped with relief, and in the same second almost swooned with terror.

"I—how can I thank you?"

"It's nothing—it is the god of chance whom you must thank for that . . . Though it's true that I'm lucky! But how white you are!"

"I feel a little giddy; we—we'd better start back, if you don't mind."

Seeing her sway, he put his arm about her. Ever so slightly she yielded to his touch. "My hour of luck!" thought the Baron, as, once inside the limousine, he bent his face to hers.

"Honourable in dishonour!" repeated Beatrice, as she closed her eyes and braced herself to endure.

Some days later Beatrice went again to the *salon* of the old Princess. She was not sure if she ought to go there—now; but when one has paid a great price, partly at least, to remain near a certain man, one does not long stay away from the quarter where he is most likely to be encountered.

Prince Serge was there; and as she had half-feared, half-hoped, twilight found them walking once more together along the enchanted path between wood and sea. The Prince was, as usual, moody, exalted, fancifully tender, and sternly deferential. But Beatrice was different . . . Depressed one moment—frivolously flippant the next—elusively nervous and shy, yet giving him sudden, swift, unbelievable openings, which he was too incredulous, too reverential, to take. "Since I've paid," she thought, with sweetly feminine logic, "I ought to have something . . . Oh, why can't he understand?" Knowing love, she knew that she loved him.

"I have heard about the miraculous luck of your friend, Baron Krauss," he said—a shade sullkily, for he was quite human. "It seems a bit ironical that such fortune should come only to a man who already had too much—when there are so many to whom it might bring the realisation of a heart's highest hope."

Beatrice started violently. "The luck of Baron Krauss—what do you mean?" Her voice shook with agitation.

"But surely you know, *Ma'moiselle*. . . . It was the night you dined with him—I thought you were together when it occurred—the night he nearly broke the bank. They say——"

"Nearly broke the bank? What . . . No, I didn't go with him—into the Casino. What happened? Tell me—quickly!"

"They say he started with one *mille* note, and won—and won—and won—thousands and thousands, an incredible sum. He—but, *Ma'moiselle*, dearest *Ma'moiselle*, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

Beatrice was staring at him with the strangest expression he'd ever seen—mouth open, hands clenched. "It's not true!" she panted.

"But of course it's true! I heard it straight from——"

"He won it—actually won it! . . . And I thought he gave . . . Oh, my God!"

And Beatrice broke into uncontrolled, hysterical laughter—rocked and racked with bitter mirth; while Prince Serge gaped, aghast and helpless. The arms of both twitched a little, grotesquely, stiffened, twitched again. Like two crazy, jerked marionettes they looked, standing beside the silver sea, under the down-streaming light of the play-gods' lantern.

V. H.

Out-of-door Days at Cannes

A LAWN TENNIS CONSTELLATION *Topical*

A group of some of the stars of the Lawn Tennis world who gathered together for the Lawn Tennis Tournament at the Metropole Hotel, at Cannes. No fewer than twenty-four nations were represented in what was a record entry

Keystone

AT MANDELIEU

Lord Whitburgh, Sir Hardman Lever, and Mr. A. B. Voles enjoying a round of golf on a sunny morning on the Mandelieu links, at Cannes, where the season is now at its height and the sporting side of life very much to the fore

Sport and General

A WORD IN SEASON

Lord Cholmondeley in the midst of a discussion with Mr. O'Neill. The photograph was taken at the Metropole Tournament

BY JACK HATFIELD

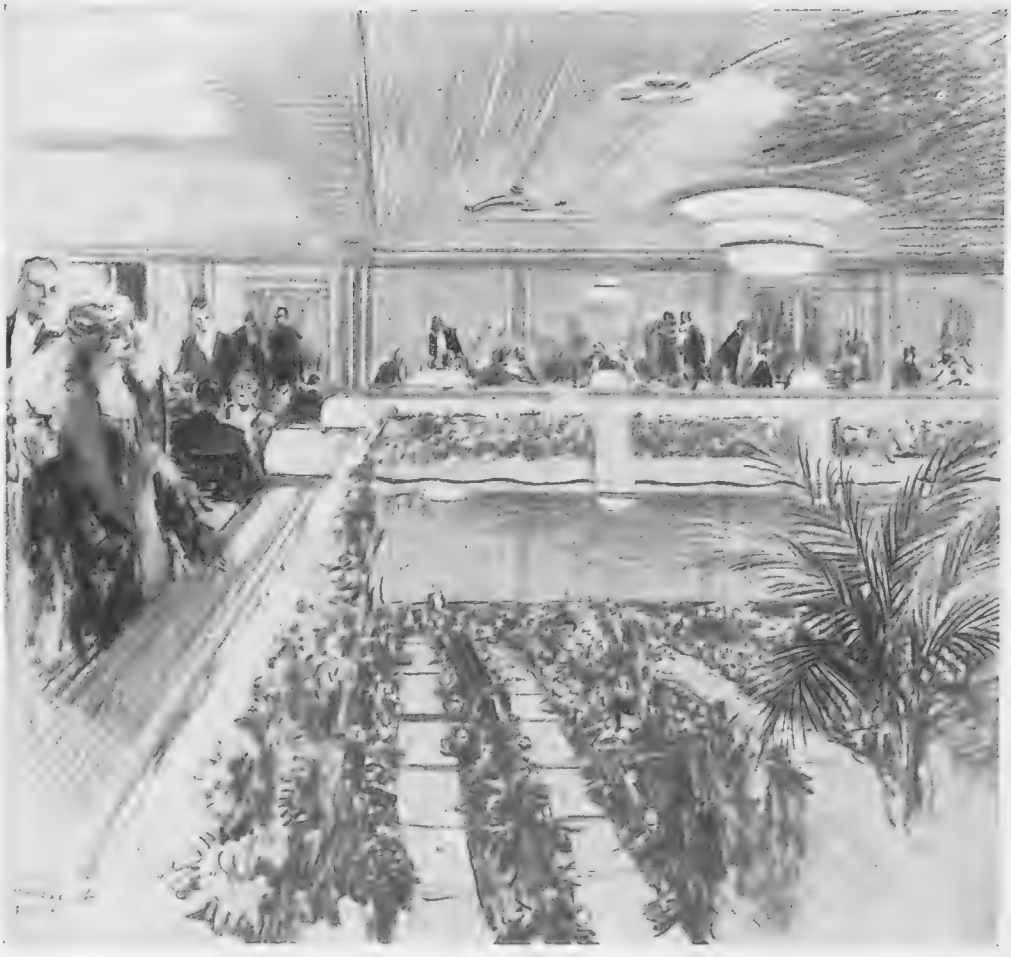
A "CHERIE" AND TWO BITTERS

NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. XI—
A ROYALIST REGIME



"A large gallery runs round on high"

You will no doubt be as surprised as I was on realising that it is not Paris nor New York nor Berlin that has the largest luxury restaurant, but good old conservative, roast-beef-and-tankard-of-beer London. And when one comes to reflect upon this startling fact, its significance increases. For although the English are said to be "also rans" in the art of the *restaurateur*, a gastronomic triumph has been achieved by a staff which is chiefly British. One gentleman of French origin with an army of helpers following him in his intensive and coolly controlled organisation. That man is Captain Nicols-Pigache, and the place the new Café Royal.

There must be few Englishmen of discrimination in any part of the globe at the moment who have not a tender recollection of the old Café Royal, and of some occasion when they have sat there eating the real French food and drinking the real French wine with a great enchantment. The Café Royal has a very definite place in the pigeon-holes of London's turgid and tranquil history during the last half century. It belongs to us. So that when, in the dire battle for expansion and progression, the old, original Regent Street was mortally wounded and fell heavily under the housebreaker's pick, many of us were so depressed that we had to "go and have one" every time we were in that neighbourhood. And when we saw them violating our old Café Royal we were definitely angry, and said things.

Gone, we muttered savagely, were those dear old red plush sofa seats, and the looking-glasses, and the marble-topped tables, and the snug if sultry Grill Room, and the ornately gilded and scandalously amusing carved figures on the ceilings, and the mental whiff of the Paris boulevards—the only one we got—a damshame. Huge and hideous hoardings blocked it all out, and inquisitorial cranes crouched within carrying lewd girders athwart the sky—monstrous! And the months rushed past us, and, feeding elsewhere, we forgot all about it very soon. The Royalists said nothing, but worked on. There was nothing to say—yet.

Under the guiding hand of one of the members of the Higher Command, I spent the best part of an instructive day under the new Royalist *régime* recently, beginning in the cellars in the morning and working upwards, towards dinner, that night. A liberal education. It is not often, I gathered, that the average man is shown the dazzling spectacle of three-quarters of a million bottles of every conceivable kind of wine, spirit, and liqueur ALL AT ONCE.

Nor is it wise to make a hobby of this, because it breeds a dangerous thirst. Mine having been assuaged by a gulp of 1807 brandy, I had serious, though happily only momentary, thoughts of asking my income-tax assessor to lunch — so you can imagine . . . ! They had to move some of these underground streets of wine to make way for new excavations; and, as no ailing child is moved with more tenderness in its mother's arms than are many hundreds of the Royalists' bottles in their cradles, it must have been a long and arduous business, girt with the gravest responsibility.

You learn to respect wine deeply under the teeming thoroughfare of Regent Street. It put me off the half-tankard habit for days. Down here, as you lean nonchalantly against a vat of some priceless stuff, you are lectured by one of the half-company of serious cellarmen on the Royal Family's genealogical tree. I had no idea that Burgundy was so *royaliste*. That the King was *Le Chambertin;* the Queen, *La Romanée-Conti;* the Regent, *Le Clos-de-Vougeot*; Princes of the Blood Royal, *Romanée, Romanée-St.-Vivant,* etc.; first cousin to the King, *Le Richebourg*; Flag Bearer to the Royal Family, *Le Corton*—and so on. I did not know that when you "rack-off" *château*-bottled Bordeaux wine the wind *must* be in the north-west. It is no earthly use suggesting that it might not be in the north-west for months on end, because all they do then is to shrug their shoulders, implying that you are just a hopeless, blithering Englishman, and offer you *encore un p'tit goût* of that 121-year-old brandy—and, I mean, one can't go on like this. . . .

They led me to a sombre place where twenty tons of ice per diem were manufactured on the premises, and I kept

commendably cool while all the machinery was manipulated for my benefit. And to a washing-up auditorium (you couldn't call it a room without grave *lèse-majesté* to the *régime*) where everything was made of sheet-iron and zinc instead of the warmer wood, to avoid *l'immense malheur* of a couple of cockroaches, man and wife, walking in. Now wasn't that truly clever of them? Most people would never have thought of that even in a month of Sundays. And a sort of underground Clapham Junction, where ten electric lifts are loaded direct from the kitchens and cellars and rise with incredible speed to all the hundreds of diners who may be scattered about the huge building this very night in banqueting rooms, restaurants, and private parties, doing themselves café-royally well.

The new Café Royal is a culinary city. But, like most good places, it does not flaunt itself advertorially upon the broad highway. Except for the new bronze doors, inscribed with the familiar symbol "N," and the more regal appearance of its liveried servants outside, its front aspect is much the same as it always was. Some misguided folk, by the way, affirm that "N" stands for Napoleon. They don't know the exact connection, but "it's a French place, so there you are"; whereas, of course, it is the slightly more humble initial of *Monsieur Nicols*, the founder. And, unlike so many places of old association that rebuild themselves, it has not lost a whit of its unique character. True, the café itself is not the café of our pre-war days. I am not sure this is not a good thing. It is now a much larger, more airy, less compulsorily fraternal *rendezvous*. There were times and seasons in the old café when I used to loathe my fellow men and women almost as vehemently, no doubt, as they abhorred me. They were too close to one. That is all changed. The place has been brought into a proper perspective. A large gallery runs round on high now, holding on its terraces blocks of charming amber light; the prevailing colourings are Chinese red, light green, and pale brown. Here you can dine in peace, as also round the walls downstairs, without the odour of some unspeakable cigar being wafted across from a contiguous table as of yore. What a truly Parisian thing it is to be able to sit here for two minutes or two hours over a *Vermouth Sec*, watching the shortcomings of other people, or possibly looking despondently into some of your own.

"*Some* part of the old, original Café Royal must be maintained"

One of the most convincing examples of the Briton's love for the things as they were is his patronage of the old Grill Room. The *Régime* has had the perspicacity to see (and who but a real genius would?) that *some* part of the old, original Café Royal must be maintained. So now, in the midst of all this snow-white marble and glistening paint and orange lights and space, there is set, all by itself, shyly but happily, the old red plush and gilded looking-glass room, where you can dine sumptuously and say thickly between your long cigar, "I remember once, in '97 it was, or it may have been '98, we bought some of that company's preference stock, but . . . ." This room is, as the theatrical optimism has it, "packed to capacity nightly."

It is a matter of queer but considerable gratification to me, when I sit in any of these dozen or so dining-rooms, to think that, as regards supreme excellence of food and drink *en masse*, we have shown the way to the dining world here in London. That, as I linger here ruminatively over a *petite côtelette d'agneau avec épinard en branche* and a half bottle of *Moulin-à-Vent* in the old, staid restaurant upstairs, this citadel of *bonne cuisine* is close parked with a great concourse of other discriminating folk — and yet that I am as unaware of any of them as they are of me.

That in the great new galleried restaurant on the other side of that wall a crowd of people are at the moment dining and dancing, to the accompaniment of the very latest importation from America—a Jazz Organ; a tremendous and tumultuous volume of syncopation and side-stepping melody, played by one man. *A Jazz Organ*, emitting all the . . . I can only hear a faint echo of it in here, where all is peace and middle-aged placidity and pensiveness. I should like to hear it. Topping time and rhythm, they tell me. Y-e-s. . . . Sure to see some people there I know.

Why not?

I say: *Waiter!* . . .

E. P. L.-B.

An International Encounter in Ireland

THE WINNERS

The Irish Rugby XV who recently beat France by four points. The forwards were the chief factors in their victory, for the back division did not work together too well, a lack of cohesion being evident. Inset: J. B. Ganly is seen crossing the line to score a try for Ireland

Photographs *I.N.A.*

THE FRENCH XV

Who lost to Ireland by 12 points to 8 in the recent Rugger International at Ravenhill Park, Belfast. The French team, which was largely an experimental one, put up a strong fight, their tackling being particularly keen

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A GENTLEMAN has offered to present to Monkey Island, that famous resort on the Thames, a young gorilla. What a ba-boon to the landlord!

. . . . .

THE editor of a well-known racing contemporary has won the first prize in a sporting competition. The verdict is obviously "Won by an 'ed!"

. . . . .

IT is advocated that all knights should pay a tax. Yet we doubt whether such a proposal would satisfy the Socialistic adherents to the "Sir-tax."

. . . . .

"WAITER, what's the matter with this sweet? It tastes like soap from a bath."

"Well, sir, you asked for sponge cake!"

. . . . .

A COTTAGE in the Lake District has been sold for two pounds. Some wags might say that it has gone for a Winder-mere song.

. . . . .

"How ith bithneth, Ikey?"

"Not so bad now I am training the dogs."

"How do you train them?"

"I put the hose on them, and teach them not to bite firemen!"

. . . . .

FOR serious offences three Texas gunmen have been hanged. Community swinging has obviously percolated in the Far West.

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Sir A. W. Pinero.)

Although his technique may be termed exotic,
No one can say his plays are Pin-erotic.
He did not base his plays upon pyjamas,
Nor dropsically dope us with dud dramas.

. . . . .

RETURNING from a youthful missionary meeting of tea and talk, Bobby sorrowfully remarked to his mother, "Not only couldn't we get our teeth into the steak and kidney pudding, but we couldn't stomach his pi-gin!"

. . . . .

A BLIND man, charged with drunkenness, complained that he was led into a public-house. It transpired that, later, he had to be dragged out!

. . . . .

AN American girl of ten has become famous by composing a song hit. But we should have thought the composers of most of 'em were about that age.

OBVIOUS

(Classes for barmaids are now being instituted.)

A course of study barmaids must
Adopt. That's an admission
That it is most unsafe to trust
A woman's inn-tuition!

. . . . .

JONES *secundus* demands (with menaces) that we publish this problem, which, we fancy, must have intrigued the patriarch Noah. An Arab sheikh leaves to his three sons his herd of seventeen camels in the following proportions:—

A is to take one-half of the herd.
B is to take one-third of the herd.
C is to take one-ninth of the herd.

As the legatees don't want to mutilate an inoffensive beast, they obtain the loan of another camel from their uncle, and set to work. They have now eighteen camels, and according to the bequest, A receives 9, B takes 6, and C pouches 2; thereby accounting for the seventeen camels. The odd camel they return with their respects (and doubtless without interest) to good old uncle. Greed and honour are thus satisfied!

. . . . .

BUT our astute readers will gather that, during the transaction, there has been some wily camelflage.

BY FRED BUCHANAN

"SUPER" FLUITY OF WORDS

CINEMA MANAGER (*to the resident Superlative Expert*): "Look 'ere, Percy, it looks as if we're goin' to 'ave a fairly decent film next week. Can you think of anything new to say about it?"

. . . . .

BECAUSE the Nicaraguan Premier did not recently receive the customary military salute of guns, he is reported to be indisposed:

It came as a jar to his honest pride,
And he took the affront right rattily;
As his salvo latterly has been denied,
He is now taking sal volatile!

. . . . .

A DRAUGHTS club has been inaugurated at Cambridge. Oxford will probably retaliate with references to its existing Halma Mater.

. . . . .

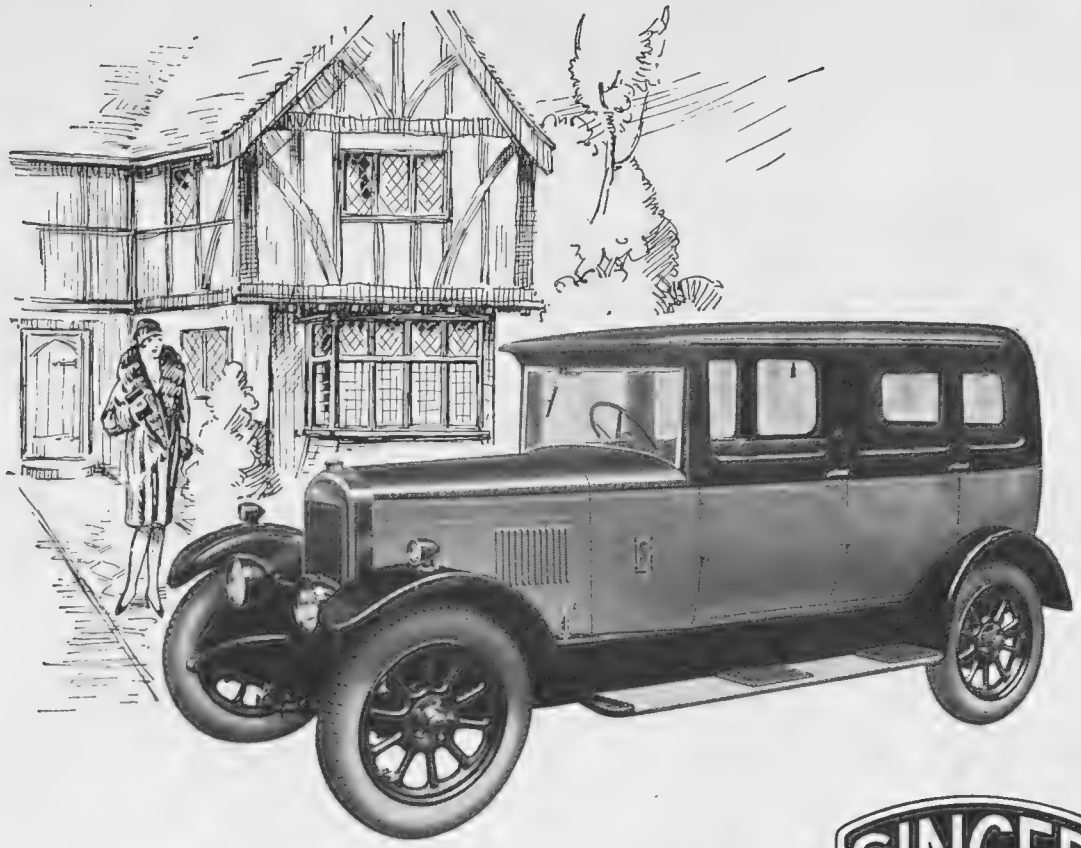
HE complained about the cream cheese.

"What's the matter with it, sir, asked the manager?"

"I fancy," remarked the customer acidly, "that it's got the 'Bries' up!"

. . . . .

A FIFESHIRE man accused of manufacturing illegal whisky is in hospital. The only comment can be illegal "still."



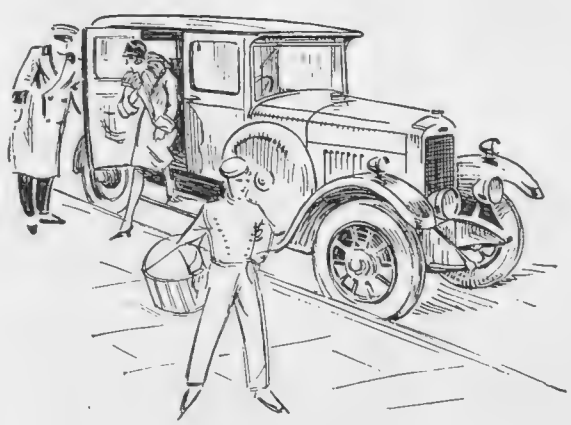
My Ladys' choice!

SINGER

"SENIOR" SALOON

£250

THERE is no longer any necessity to put up with the discomforts of changing weather conditions or the inadequate protection of the old-style touring car, when you can buy this handsome Singer SENIOR SALOON for £250—a car in which you can enjoy all-the-year-round motoring in perfect comfort. It has four wide doors (all locking), winding windows, curtains, pile carpets, pneumatic upholstery, roof lamps, ash trays, interior mirror and every other detail of equipment usually only to be found in a more expensive car.



IT is a big, handsome car beautifully finished in either cellulose paint or fabric covered. The range of colours is very complete as follows :—Cellulose :—Grey with Black top, Light Blue and Dark Blue, Blue with Black top, Grey and Mauve, Maroon and Black. All Maroon or Blue. Fabric Covered :—All Blue, Maroon or Brown. This Saloon Model at £250 is positively the last word in luxury and value—and must be seen to be believed. Let us put you in touch with a Singer Agent for a free demonstration. Meanwhile please write for illustrated particulars. SINGER & COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms : 202, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES.

H.P.

OXFORD

CAMBRIDGE has got a grievance in this matter of trains. And I would give a good deal for as satisfactory a one which should be applicable to Oxford. For we badly need some interest to tide us over the beginning of February. The increasing amount of daylight serves only to discover shapes of woe. But there have been some noble attempts to bring us comfort. John Masefield gave a reading of his poems to the faithful. And his "Reynard, the Fox," enabled them to hunt by proxy. "What Price Glory?" at the Super enabled them to do their bit in the last war by proxy. "Lady Luck" at the New Theatre enabled them to be gay young things by proxy. Richard Goolden, late of the O.U.D.S., in "Mr. Pim," enabled them to bring temporary bliss to a county family. So you see how varied your activities can be—always provided you don't object to the proxy system. But if you are an athlete or a politician the chances are that you do.

Central News

WORDS OF WISDOM

Dr. P. C. Mallam (Queen's), who has recently undertaken the coaching of the Oxford Crew, photographed giving some instruction. With him is P. W. Murray-Threipland (Eton and Christ Church), who is No. 7 in the Oxford boat

The speakers at the first Union debate made successes in their own right. The lions of the evening were Alec Peterson, Julian Hall, Aubrey Herbert, and Brian MacKenna, and the occasion was the installation of the new president — Dingle Foot. And surrounded by four such lions as these, Dingle must have felt as safe as Nelson does with his particular lions in Trafalgar Square. The motion for debate was that "the line must be drawn somewhere." The Union decided that it must. And so it has been done.

Meanwhile our athletes have not been idle. The coaching of the Eight has just been taken over by P. C. Mallam from Harold Barker. As you know, the only old Blues in the boat are Whiting, Murray-Threipland, Shaw, and Croft, the cox, the recent order has remained unchanged. So has the recent weather. And it succeeded in spoiling the golf match against St. George's Hill at Weybridge. Nothing could be done in the morning and only foursomes in

By Mac

G. M. ADAMS

Of Charterhouse and Brasenose College, Oxford. He has recently been awarded his Golf Blue

THE "OUDS" AT REHEARSAL

Some of the Oxford University Dramatic Society photographed at a rehearsal of Rolland's "Fourteenth of July." The group includes S. E. Furber (Balliol), H. H. Nichols (Balliol), O. Lancaster (Lincoln), R. P. Price (Wadham), K. D. Findeisin (Corpus Christi), R. P. Fleming (Christ Church), and the President, John Fernald (Trinity)

the afternoon. And the result of these was a draw. The weather also curtailed the hockey match against Hampstead. And although H. O. P. Evans was playing elsewhere in a Welsh trial, we managed to win by 6-1. Our Rugger men, too, have shown that they mean business. And the first business that they meant was the defeat of the London Scottish at Richmond. We had five Blues playing, and won by 8-6, which glory was mainly due to the forwards.

Rehearsals of the latest O.U.D.S. production would also look well on the movies. For the play, "The Fourteenth of July," is a play about a crowd, and a crowd of undergraduates learning to be a crowd of French revolutionaries is a good sight. Particularly when Komisarjevsky is showing how. It was not easy to collect an imposing number of supers. But Stanhope Furber, the manager, turned up his sleeves and dressed up like the Pied Piper and went forth. And after a few days' playing he returned with a string of actors and actresses at his heels. So he has gone one better than Browning. Which takes some doing. JINGO.

CAMBRIDGE

I HATE to jeopardise my respectability by incessant reference to the Sunday papers. But there was an article on Cambridge the other Sunday that I dare not leave languishing on dusty files. If any article ever deserved immortality it was this. I am going to let it have it.

It was called "CAMBRIDGE THE CAREFREE," and we had posters all over the town to that effect. I saw one out of my window as I was getting up, and got back into bed till lunch-time. I felt I was justified. Was I not a carefree Cantab? But when my landlady brought me the paper I was sorry. I read the sub-heading: "CLASSIC COLLEGES, BEAUTIFUL BRIDGES AND GIRTON GIRLIES." And then, to be fair to everybody, "NEWNHAM NYMPHS." I got up hastily and walked out into God's good fresh air.

Just fancy, each one of us a Carefree Cantab! *and* a Classic Collegian! And all those Beautiful Bridges—(yes, I live near the Mill Road Railway Bridge). And to think that all those prisms at our lectures are Newnham Nymphs, and Girton Girlies (presumably heavily disguised). To think that Life was thus and thus and we knew it not!

The main idea of the article, though it was not entirely apparent from the headlines, was to point out that many undergraduates do not wear hats in Cambridge. This fact is nicely brought out by a piece of poetry at the head of the article. I hope I shall be excused if I quote it:—

Hatless are the undergrads,
The College Girls as well:
The townsmen also follow suit,
Like eggs without a shell.

There's poetry for you!

But to return to the hats. I often wonder how the hatless habit arose. Nowadays it is only the minority who wear hats regularly in Cambridge, but it was not always so. I once read an editorial in an ancient university paper which lamented the bad taste, nay, the positive abandon, of certain young fellows who had begun to go about the streets with the head uncovered.

There are still many who bewail this hatless generation. Ancient gentlemen can remember when all Cambridge wore big black bowlers. Then, even the Gent's Straw Boater was slightly bohemian. Those were the days, they say, and all the tearful hatters within earshot agree.

A correspondent reminds me that when talking about the term's programme last week I forgot to mention the Lent Races. This, alas, was a slip of the typewriter. The Lents, of course, will shortly be upon us. In fact, by the time you read this we shall have entered the last week of practice. Soon they will be shouting "race-card twopence" in the streets, and they will give us Grassy Corner pudding three times a week in hall.

I shall make no rash prophesies. I think it unlikely that Jesus will go up, but I understand that, as Jesus are Head, other judges are in agreement On the other hand, I have it straight from the stable that First Trinity will stay second, and Jesus II will go down. Lastly, take my special nap wire and put your shirt on Selwyn. Everybody says they are very fast.

But really competent judges like myself are agreed that the Lents this year are not altogether up to last year's standard. RAB.

R. S. Crisp

THE "SOCCER" SKIPPER

M. B. S. Bower (Winchester and Pembroke). He has been elected captain of the Cambridge University Association Football Club

BY MAC

"NO. 3"

T. E. Letchworth (Downside and Christ's), who is rowing No. 3 in the Cambridge Boat Race Crew. He is a former Coiquuoun Sculls winner

R. S. Crisp

C. D. AARVOLD

Of Durham and Emmanuel, who is the newly elected captain of the Cambridge University Rugby Football Club. He has already been capped twice for England

PARISIANA By "Rene'"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Knees being . . . far from a pretty spectacle"

Mes Amis,

Abusman's holiday has its points. There is a villainous joy in watching the other blighter work, particularly if there is an aggravating character about the work. Myself, I do not think there is any labour so aggravating as to have to execute something that is out of season, clashing and conflicting hopelessly with weather, mood and sentiments—such as writing a Christmas Number in August, or a Bathing Number in March—a favourite command of soulless editors.

But I do not at all dislike seeing other unfortunates having to wrestle with this paralysing problem, and I am always rather pleased when a number of the principal Paris *couturiers* ring me up around the end of January and the beginning of February to ask if I will come round to their "openings." These are the "openings" of the year that I like best of all, for what they have to show are the garments of summer, these dress dictators being always two moves ahead.

When the women are still in their winter "heavies" and pondering over the variations which will suit them for the Spring, the *mode* managers are revealing their selections for *les beaux jours*, which have to be provided for because they are forecast in the calendar. Well, while being dubious about any sort of summer after the experience of recent years, I always feel that these Auteuil and Longchamp frock displays are at least an assurance that Spring is at hand, and that is no small comfort. It is a cheering coincidence that these 'openings" are almost always accompanied by blue skies and sunshine that is all the more radiant because of lack of familiarity.

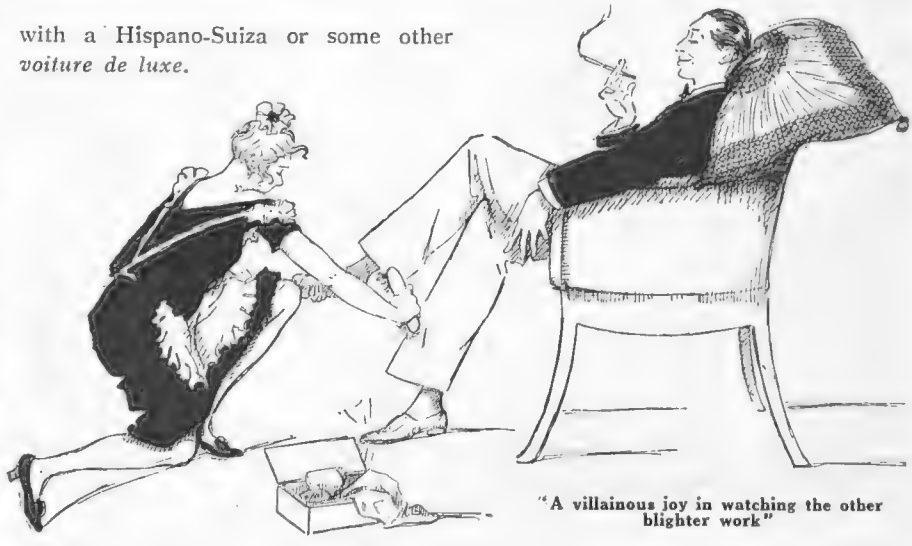
Yet it was only the other day that, in passing along a rather dim and forbidding street that leads off the Place de la Concorde, I saw the most astounding of queues lined up before Patou's, where they were selling-off the remainder of the winter models. I doubt if there is any capital in the world where you could see such a queue, consisting entirely of pretty and most elegantly dressed women, most of them with a chauffeur waiting near by with a Hispano-Suiza or some other *voiture de luxe*.

"Still in their winter 'heavies'"

For once in a way those chauffeurs must have been enjoying their wait, although they had had to come out earlier in the morning than usual, for when a *couturier* like Patou announces that he will be disposing of remaining models at bargain prices on a certain day it is too risky for bargain-seekers to linger in bed. Even those who arrived at nine of the murky morn could get no nearer to the door than thirty yards, the leaders of the file having presumably left home about seven.

So the chauffeurs were able to extract revenge for frozen-footed hours of waiting on other occasions in watching their mistresses stamping lightly shod feet on the cold pavement in an endeavour to keep warm while awaiting their turn. In Paris there is a custom that you must hold your own place in a queue, so there was no possibility of the chauffeurs being called on to hold the fort. How these Parisiennes must have longed for the London system of messenger boys and supplies of hot coffee! Yet they considered, no doubt, that chilblains and a red nose were worth while when they were picking up a Patou *création* at "a couple of thousands francs off."

Parisian dressmakers, by the way, are hardly pleased by the allegations of the peculiar individuals who compile health statistics in America to the effect that it is they who are responsible for pneumonia ravages among American women by reducing frocks to their lowest common measure. To begin with, it was not the



"A villainous joy in watching the other blighter work"

Haig

The Empire Whisky

To help the farmer the *Daily Mail* says put 10/- per quarter duty on imported Barley.

If we edited the *Daily Mail* we would rather say "reduce the Whisky duty and the use of Barley will be encouraged."

Scotch Barley requires no preferential tariff to encourage its use. Quality not price is the guiding factor which the Distiller has to consider. If quality is not there no question of tariff can improve it.

We always want the best Barley with which to make

Haig

WHISKY

It is the Chancellors who keep the duty at 8/5½ per bottle who prevent the Scotch farmers from continuing to prosper by growing Barley.

Ask for **Haig** Whisky and support the House that is trying to get the price reduced for you.

Doctors are prescribing it
Judges are drinking it
Sufferers from acidity need it
You, if you are wise, are
demanding it.

Haig

WHISKY

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD. (*owning Haig & Haig Ltd.*), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, *and* KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

Paris designers who introduced the excessively short frocks. They have always resisted the tendency towards undue abbreviation, because they considered it was contrary to an artistic line, knees being, in their view, far from a pretty spectacle.

PRESSURE in favour of the very short skirt came more from America than anywhere, and all the communicative globe-trotters have commented on the fact that skirts were worn much shorter in Fifth Avenue than in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. And Parisiennes have never lapsed into the frightfulness of bare knees attained by the "rolling" of the stocking. It is those bare knees which must be the "pneumonia line," as that can be the only explanation why the short-frocked women of other capitals have not been the victims of the pneumonia epidemics mentioned by the American health statisticians.

IT is extraordinary how some Parisians are unable to keep out of adventures, almost as extraordinary as the fact that some of the best known and most popular Parisians are not really Parisians at all—at least by birth; some of them not even French. What "first night," *par exemple*, would be considered *bien Parisien* unless it included Mistinguett, Clement Vautel, Josephine Baker, Van Dongen and Foujita. Yet Mistinguett and Vautel are Belgians, Josephine Baker an American negress, Van Dongen Dutch, and Foujita Japanese.

AND almost all of them are constantly tumbling in and out of some adventure, particularly that most Parisian of

"Is too risky . . . to linger in bed"

portrait painters, Van Dongen, and the stranger but equally successful artist, Foujita. The other night Foujita, having sent his own chauffeur home, telephoned for a taxicab to bring him down from the heights of Montsouris, where he lives, into the centre of the city where he was booked for a late gathering. When he came downstairs, four or five minutes later, a taxicab was at the door, so he got in and drove off.

IT was three o'clock in the morning before he got home again, and when he arrived he found a taxicab waiting. This was the one he had ordered, the other having been at his door first by accident. Foujita felt he ought to pay the driver, but found he was asleep. He shook him, but could get no answer. Apparently overcome by the cold, he had lost consciousness. So the Japanese, a strong little fellow, pulled him from his seat, lifted him on his shoulders, and carried him to his rooms, where he placed him on a couch, massaged him, and then, when he seemed to have recovered warmth, left him to sleep.

BUT about seven o'clock Foujita and his wife, a Parisienne, whom he calls Rose of the Snows because she is blonde, were awakened by horrible cries. It was the chauffeur, a Russian. The cries became even more fearful when the Russian sighted the little Japanese painter. He imagined he had been kidnapped by Russian political enemies and placed in the custody of a Japanese gaoler. But Foujita was able to calm him, invited him to stop to lunch, and paid the amount marked on the taximeter, plus a handsome tip. Now, the chauffeur refuses to leave the artist, so Foujita decided that he should drive for him.

RENÉ.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

A LUCRATIVE REDOUBLE

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A REDOUBLE is nearly always a mistake, because it warns the opposition and drives them back into their original call. Or it fails and increases the penalties. But there are occasions when the redouble looks so good as to be irresistible and the redoubler is not afraid of any switch succeeding.

Here is the record of an interesting hand where the redouble turned out most successful:—

	Y S.—K, 9, 3. H.—A, J, 8, 6, 4. D.—A. C.—K, 10, 5, 2.	
S.—None. H.—9, 7. D.—K, J, 10, 8, 6, 4. C.—A, 8, 6, 4, 3.	A B Z	S.—A, J, 7, 2. H.—10, 5. D.—Q, 7, 3, 2. C.—Q, J, 9.
	S.—Q, 10, 8, 6, 5, 4. H.—K, Q, 3, 2. D.—9, 5. C.—7.	

Score, game all. Y deals and bids "One Heart"; B, "No bid"; Z, "One Spade"; A, "Two Diamonds"; Y, "Two Spades"; B and Z, "No bid"; A, "Three Diamonds"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Three Spades"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Double"; Z, "Redouble." All pass.

The bidding is open to criticism at many points. First of all, Z should never have called his Spades. Although he had six of them, he held four of his partner's suit with two honours, and the hand ought by rights to have been played in Hearts. But bad bids are sometimes successful, and in this particular case Z came out triumphant. I do not, however, recommend his methods.

When his partner was able to support his Spade call he was justified in bidding up to three.

B's double was not really sound. First of all, he was on the wrong side to make it. Had he been sitting over instead of under Z it would have made a difference. But he was influenced by A's bid of "Three Diamonds" into believing that the contract could be defeated.

In play Z made five cards by losing only Ace of Spades and Ace of Clubs. A opened the Jack of Diamonds taken by Y. King of Spades was led from Dummy, and B's Ace went up. B then led 2 of Spades to try to prevent the ruff of a Diamond. Z passed it up to Dummy and led another Spade, and afterwards drew B's last trump. Z then made five Heart tricks and discarded his losing Diamond. Result, Z scored 180 below the line and 318 above. If the game had been played in Hearts, Y, Z would have won 40 below and 32 above, total 72, instead of 498—a case where vice was rewarded!

MEMORIES REFRESHED BY WORTHINGTON

THOSE WERE DAYS

When we used to sally forth on Sunday mornings attired in 'Knickerbockers' and Norfolk jackets, riding three miles in order to prove ourselves bona-fide travellers and get a Worthington half an hour before the other places opened.

"The new gnome hats from Paris"

THESE FREUDIAN DAYS—

(But Who's *Afreud* ?)

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *Feb.* 6.

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE seems to be getting more and more difficult and complicated, doesn't it? I mean, was a time, I suppose, and in fact am sure, when we were just our own more or less simple selves, and did things or didn't, and ate and drank and slept and danced and made love or quarrelled with people and felt joyous or cross for no other very particular reason than because we wanted to or happened to feel just like that. All sort of natural, we were, s'far as anyone *can* be in this civilised life of ours, that is; and no questions asked, so to speak. Whereas now . . .

WELL, these Freudian days, don't appear to be able to move one single step, we don't, hardly, without knocking up against some kind of *background* to everything—a spot of complex here, or a dash of inhibition there, or a whiff of heredity round the corner, and even, stark and staring you in the face, some strange and utterly horrid orders of your beauty or otherwise doctor that makes you do all the things you don't want to do, and, contrariwise, refrain from at least half the ones you want to. Which last, of course, can always be coped with somehow, however frightful And if you're sternly and straitly commanded by favourite expert to live solely and only on diet of lamb chops and pineapple for a month or two, aforesaid has just got to be done, *n'est-ce pas?* all in a good cause. Or should you even be strictly enjoined to give supping-and-dancing a complete miss for a while, even at such select and chaste resorts as Princes, or the Berkeley, or the Ritz—*enfin,* the horrible sacrifice must be faced and shall.

"Live to 150 or so"

IT'S the other, spiritual as they call it, complications of life at the moment that seem to me so much more really wearing, don't you think? The way, *e.g.,* everyone will insist *à la mode* of to-day that you aren't just yourself at all, but some sort of product of about a million-or-thereabouts impressions and repressions, and all that—you know, the kind of dope the psycho-analyst people and all that crowd have put across us, and no getting away from it, either, and don't you forget it. And can't escape it even in the plays of the moment, apparently, as, for example, that really rather delightfully sparkling and scintillating affair, *The Second Man,* at the Playhouse, wherein Mr. Noel Coward, who's the hero, is a thoroughly pleasing one of the interesting variety that all the best (feminine, of course) people love—smart and well-dressed and a bit sheikh-ish, and with plenty of chat, and quite insouciantly amusing, and not too many boring principles, and so on, not for publication, anyway.

BUT it's not himself alone, apparently, that produces the rather flavourful compound—might be quite a noble fellow, in sooth, we gather, of the strictly respectable and determinedly monogamous breed, if it wasn't for the mysterious "second-man" inside him that's so calm and critical and sophisticated and *blasé.* Which is, between you and me, if anything, rather depressing to hear—because, after all, there really is such a quite fairly adequate supply of these highly honourable and reliable (prospective) husband-and-father young men about, it's almost positively a relief to meet one of the more rarely reckless and incalculable kind, and seems a pity he's only that by proxy, as you might say, and because of his second self. But, never mind, that highly unmoral self or complex wins in the end, and the people in the play *don't* do just what they might have been expected to, so all's for the best in what's, meseems, anyway, one of the best of all possible plays.

"The kind of dope the psycho-analyst people . . . put across us"

WHICH reminds me, by the way, of one of these odd and strange sort of sidelights on a bit of the world one never or hardly ever meets that happened at the *première* of same above-mentioned play. Sudden surge and rush, to wit, just as we were going in to the show, or, anyway, hoping to, of surrounding (female) multitude that always seems to cluster round theatre doors on first nights to watch the arriving throng. Positive mobbing there was, all-in-a-flash-like, of a car that drew up at the kerb, and they nearly swarmed right inside it, too, in their fervent and loyal enthusiasm. The King? The Queen? The Prince of

Twin Stars in the London Firmament

Stage Photo Co.

AUDREY AND ESME TOSH

The new twin dancers in "Oh, Kay." This successful and popular musical comedy is enjoying a great run at His Majesty's Theatre

Wales? Ah no, my dear, 'twas the advent of Mr. Ivor Novello, with his new and nascent moustache that got 'em all dithered and soppy-like.

卐

Not that I blame 'em, not for one minute, or men, either, for that matter. The sort, I mean, like Mr. Owen Nares in that really rather amusing little show, *Two White Arms,* at the Ambassadors, where he loves his wife, but she loves him so terribly busily *and* domestically—cushions and slippers, and all that sort of thing—he gets just a shade fed-up and decides to "disappear," and starts selling cars for someone hundreds of miles away under quite a different name. And is only got back home again by a rather extra specially odd bit of good or bad luck, and I only hope the girl really realised why he'd vanished in the first place and mended her too stuffily affectionate ways (assisted by ma-in-law) or else . . . well, there'd be a fourth act to come, and even perhaps a fifth.

卐

Those unwritten fourth acts—how fearfully often one feels like writing or anyway guessing at them, doesn't one? Doesn't it strike you, too, sometimes, when the last curtain has finally fallen, what a lot still remains to be said and done? But perhaps that's one of the real arts of the playwright . . . to leave one still guessing and discussing, instead of making it all clear and clean-cut in the practical American way that's rather swept our stage this last year or two. But as Mr. Cochran said at the Repertory Players' dinner at the Park Lane the other night, the day of American plays and players over here seems to be nearly at an end.

"The Repertory Players' dinner at the Park Lane"

卐

Apropos of the future, by the way, *have* you read Sir Philip Gibbs's new book, "The Day After To-morrow"? All about how we're going to be utterly revolutionised it is, with new sorts of aeroplanes that'll run about like cars as well; and how we'll live to a hundred and fifty or so at least by doing things to our glands, and all the rest of it.

卐

Trade's improving they say—whereat, of course, loud cheers. Also the new gnome hats from Paris are absolutely It, and unless you're completely

Tipsy in the topnot,
Dizzy in the dome . . .

you will be seen in none other for the next few weeks at least.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

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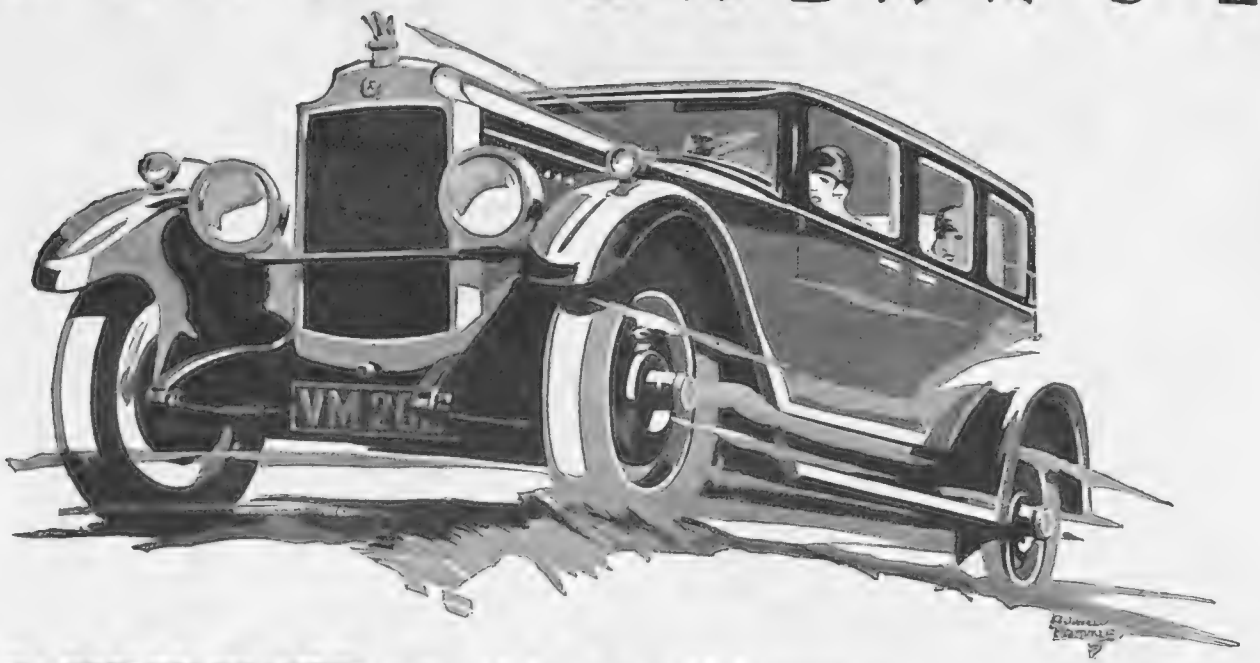

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IN MERRY ISLINGTON

MINIATURES—NOT "TOYS"

By "THE KENNELMAN."

It's John Gilpin's Islington one must visit for the Big Noise to-day, for at the Royal Agricultural Hall Cruft's great International Dog Show opens this (Wednesday) morning, and holds the field for all doggy folk till Thursday evening. Rain, snow, fog, hard frost, and Springlike sunshine; one has seen and felt them all at Cruft's; but no show the elements could put up has ever prevented the aristocrats of the canine race from filling the straw-lined benches, or the Dog-lovers of England (and Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and a good many other lands, too, for that matter) from thronging the aisles of the great hall for this unique exhibition, at which amateur and professional alike glean more tips, information, and news of the fancy in a couple of days than you can gather elsewhere in a month. When the judging's over and the prizes awarded come gossip and note-comparing, and private re-judging, reminiscing, buying and selling, appointment-making, and all the other fun of the fair. And then, at last, the packing up, good-byes, stirrup-cups, and the rather anxious business of getting home-along with the Dogs: a far journey for some, following two strenuous days and nights. At such times the prudent administer to their champions such internal disinfectant as the invaluable Kerol, lave eyes, nostrils, and mouths with another antiseptic, and, if they take the advice of the veterans, give a mild dose of, say, castor oil and syrup of buckthorn, rhubarb pills, or the like, before the Dogs sup and burrow into the home bench litter for well-earned rest.

An Essex reader pays tribute to that very alert person, the Shetland Sheepdog, thus:—"Those who have seen (and heard) him only on the show bench may fancy the Shetland mainly ornamental—and vocal. But in his own sphere, believe me, he's a worker from 'way back. Mr. H. F. Hunt, of Barnston, recently described in *The Essex Weekly News* how in his part of the country some fifteen sheep were missing after a heavy fall of snow. Prolonged search in every direction having failed, a Shetland Sheepdog named Cress was called in. After half an hour's walk she ran plunging in a rough wind for 200 yards, and then, halting, began to whine over a four-foot drift of snow, with never a sign of sheep anywhere near it. Digging was tried, and two or three feet down the fifteen sheep were found huddled together, mostly in a state of collapse. All were saved, thanks to Cress and her amazing sense of smell.

Yet another addition has been made to the serviceable series of Dog books issued by Popular Dogs Publishing Co., of 65, Long Acre. The new book is Mrs. E. Parker's "The Popular Pomeranian," which, after a glance at historical origins, deals comprehensively with the modern Pom, from the importations of fifty years ago, scaling thirty and odd pounds, to those fluffy little champions of to-day, who doubtless scorn for his grossness any Dog weighing over five pounds. Apart from its admirably compiled descriptive detail and records, this little book is full of sound, practical tips for fanciers. The author gives the daily meat ration of a four to five pounds Pom as from 2 to 3 ounces. This, with about the same weight of (preferably hard) farinaceous food, such as Spratt's Pets or crisp biscuit meal, forms the best daily diet for any little breed. Those above, say, eight pounds need more.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

For those who prefer a brim! A model of wine-coloured Baku straw with a silk flower appliqué. (Woolland Bros. Knightsbridge)

The Tailor-made Comes into its Own

ALWAYS in the early Spring the thoughts of the well-dressed woman turn to tailor-mades, for they seem a natural reaction from the fur coats and thin frocks that Fashion ordains for Winter wear. They necessitate good corseting; they allow the freedom of movement so essential for healthy exercise; and when carried out in materials that are not too light in weight are neither "too hot nor too cold" for the average Spring day. Time was when tailored clothes were the hallmark of the strong-minded woman! Now, unless all women are strong-minded (perhaps they are!), they are the hallmark of the woman who knows how to look nice, which may be, after all, strongmindedness in its most effective form!

Variety in Style

As to style, *tailleurs* certainly show no lack of variety. Coats strike a happy medium in length, always reaching well over the hips, but never achieving the rather clumsy three-quarter effect that obtained a season or two ago and which was apt to shorten the figure. On the whole they are straight, only a few models showing a slight spring at the waistline; some are belted; some single, some double-breasted, and edges may be rounded or straight. Strappings are a favourite form of trimming, so are pockets, and these, again, are seen in every imaginable shape. In the case of bordered tweeds (and tweeds are fashionable), the border is used for pockets, collar, front, etc.

Colours and Fabrics

BLACK, as always, is in favour. Where colours are employed these are light and soft, with blue, green and the various shades of oatmeal predominating. Navy, for once, has no place in the new range, only a temporary displacement, of course, of the most useful and becoming colour in Fashion's scheme. Tweeds, Saxony suitings and Kasha in its many varieties are first favourites at present, and it is rumoured that later on lacquered satin, etc., will be called into requisition for suits that can be described as severely tailored.

Photographs *Elwin Neame*

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St., sponsor the latest in two-pieces, carried out in wool georgette and veloute Friscota

Also from Woolland Bros. A Spring hat of wine-coloured felt, with a side trimming of felt flowers

Some Points to Note

"GO as you please," as the tailored fashions sound, there are various points that must be observed if the tailored outfit is to be a success. First of all, attention to detail. Jumper blouses, for instance, invariably match, whether carried out in a silk or woollen fabric. Hats must partake of the general colour scheme; gloves, shoes, bag and buttonhole must be carefully chosen, so that the whole effect is harmonious.

And the Two-piece!

THE two-piece in its latest variety, though it does not come strictly under the heading of the *tailleur*, is certainly its first cousin and a very attractive one. And it is undoubtedly a most useful possession for the woman whose wardrobe is not extensive, for it serves happily two *rôles*. Take, for instance, the delightful example from Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., shown on this page. It consists of a wool georgette frock built on straight, becoming lines, the frock cut with the fashionable cascade and bound with veloute Friscota (one of the new Spring fabrics), the tailored coat being made of the same material. This delightful model, which is to be found in the costume department on the ground floor, costs 14½ guineas, and one guinea more will purchase it in an outsize. It is carried out in leaf green, grey and beige, all new and fashionable shades.

Capes Are Smart

OTHER Spring outfits to be found at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's take the form of cardigan suits in small shaded checks with detachable capes at 8½ guineas and flannel suits in three shades of grey and fawn at 6½ guineas. And those who prefer "made to order" clothes

will be delighted to hear that this firm are specialising in coats and skirts made in their own workrooms under the supervision of their head cutter, from 12½ guineas.

The New Millinery

"ALTOGETHER most interesting." That is the verdict on the new Spring arrivals, especially those that are to be found in the millinery department at Messrs. Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge. Milliners are suiting the hat to the woman —not the woman to the hat! With the happy result that shapes are "infinite in their variety," and all the world is better looking! Not only are the new hats gayer in colour, but they "carry" far more in the way of trimming than has been the case for some time, so cleverly disposed, however, that there is no suggestion of heaviness. Applications are the more usual form of trimming, often in contrasting colours, and side effects are fashionable, too, often taking the form of flowers made of the material of the hat.

Some Contrasting Styles

PHOTOGRAPHED on the preceding page are two models from Woolland Bros., typical in their interesting contrast of the "new idea" in millinery. The left-hand one, of dark wine-coloured Baku straw, with a satin flower *appliqué* of the same shade on the crown, has a brim of the mushroom variety so becoming to a certain type of features. And the one on the right, brimless and excessively smart for early Spring wear, is expressed in wine-coloured felt, with a side trimming of felt flowers.

Graceful Models

MODELS that hail from Messrs. Liberty, Regent Street, W., are always expressive of grace, and this particular quality is certainly to be noted in the two models shown on this page. The right-hand one is carried out in champagne and brown *crêpe de Chine*, most attractively embroidered,

Sungleam reversible marocain and crêpe de Chine are expressive of graceful charm, at Messrs. Liberty's, Regent Street, W.

Sketches by A. Tilford

The woman who uses Pond's two specialities greets Spring happily

and is priced at 16 guineas. The one on the left, designed on straight tunic lines, is that rare thing—a model that will make the best of *any* figure, not necessarily a slim one. Big people are too often forgotten in Fashion's schemes. It is made of Sungleam reversible marocain, one of the most delightful of Liberty fabrics, and both sides are employed in the design, the underskirt and *gilet* being of the shiny variety; silk and metal threads carry out the embroidery, and at 13½ guineas it is obtainable in various shades, also in black.

Hand-Painted Silk

ANOTHER lovely model that deserves mention is made of lapis blue *crêpe de Chine*, with a crystal pleated skirt and a trimming of Turkish embroidery. Hand-block printed Tyrian silk frocks are priced from 4½ guineas, and delightful little Yoru *crêpe* affairs, finished with flax embroidery, ideal for morning wear later in the season, speak for themselves at 2 guineas! Nor should the woman who wants a really attractive evening cloak fail to visit Messrs. Liberty, for these are a speciality of theirs, in brocade, silk and velvet, and at almost unbelievably low prices.

That Spring Look

GOOD looks are always important, of course, especially the good looks that have to do with the complexion, but more particularly so when the sun shines, bringing out all manner of imperfections. That is why Pond's specialities are such wonderful friends to women at this time of the year, for the regular use of their two creams, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, ensures, with the minimum of trouble, a really lovely skin. The first, Pond's Cold Cream, should be used regularly at night, and also whenever the face has been exposed to atmospheric conditions, dust, or other impurities; it penetrates the pores and thoroughly cleanses them, with the result that coarseness, sallowness and, indeed, all blemishes disappear.

A Wonderful Preventive

THE second, Pond's Vanishing Cream, should be applied before going out of doors. Delicately scented with Jacqueminot roses, not only is it good for the skin, but it makes a most delightful surface for powder, resulting in even distribution and a most attractive effect. All chemists and stores keep these marvellous aids to beauty, costing in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes 7½d. and 1s., the former being a handy handbag size.

1928—Jewellery Year

EACH dress must now have its corresponding gems—a charming idea made possible to-day with the introduction of realistic reproductions of genuine precious stones such as those the House of Ciro specialises in. Ciro jewellery from 178, Regent Street, strikes a very modern note with its artistic designs in necklets, rings, brooches, hat ornaments, earrings, and bracelets, wherein are set Ciro pearls, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, all absolutely faithful replicas of Nature's rare originals.

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ANDREA MIJINSKA
The famous dancer and model to Epstein.

Beautiful large sepia toned photographic prints (unmounted) of the original of this picture may be purchased post free, at 10/6 per copy on application to Virol Ltd., Ealing, London, W.5.

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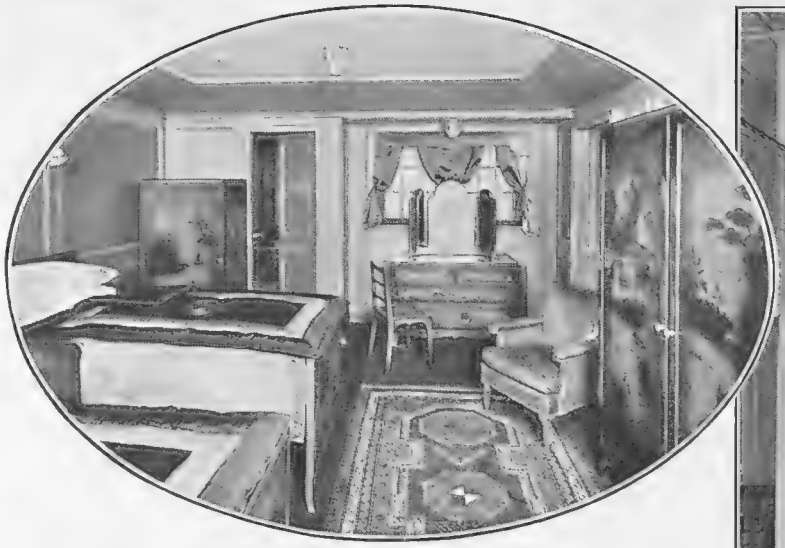

A *DE LUXE* CABIN

The bedroom of one of the cabins *de luxe* on board the "Bermuda." Comfort and artistry are allied in the decorations in this delightful cabin

LUXURY AT SEA

STRIKING features of the latest great British motor vessel, the 20,000 ton *Bermuda,* recently completed by Messrs. Workman, Clark, of Belfast, are the interior work panelling, decoration and furnishing of the first-class public rooms, gymnasium, and cabins *de luxe,* which have been executed by the well-known furnishers, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Ltd., of Pall Mall East, under the supervision of the architect, Mr. A. McInnes Garden, F.L.A. On board the *Bermuda,* which will sail on the New York-Bermuda service of the Furness Line, will be found cabins and rooms that are a sheer delight. Among others are the fine Tudor Smoke Room, the Spanish Café with a fountain playing, and the luxurious swimming bath designed in the Græco-Roman style.

FOR THE QUIET HOUR

The lounge of the "Bermuda," which has been specially fitted with furniture appropriate to the mystic rites of afternoon tea. Recesses, each of which contains six seats, line the room, a feature here being the handsome colonades

THE season is in full swing and hotels are full. The sunshine is just as brilliant as ever. Smart visitors show their appreciation of the weather and also of the many entertainments which are offered them both day and night. The Restaurant des Plats Nouveaux, the Kit-Cat Cabaret, the daily performances at the Theatre, the Casanova suppers, are all to be found at the Sporting Club and contribute in making Cannes a unique winter resort on the Riviera.

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Long a Noted First-Class Family Hotel.

All Modern Comforts. Excellent Cooking. Fine Garden and Views.

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Highest and Sunniest Situation. 750 ft. alt. Funicular free to Residents.

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Sunny & Sheltered.
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The very best, yet moderate.

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Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water (H. & C.). Suites redecorated. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front. Modern Comforts. Restaurant.

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Very Comfortable, yet Moderate. 100 South Rooms. Running Water. 30 Baths.

Centre of Town in Pleasant Garden.

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Charming Modern English Family Hotel. All latest comforts. Private Suites (self-contained). Grand Views.

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Running Water throughout. Private Bathrooms. Sunny Garden facing Sea front. Attractive Public Rooms. Renowned Cuisine.

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Old-Established English Family Hotels, situated in Garavan Bay. Full South, facing sea and surrounded by a large Sunny Garden. 100 Rooms with Running Water. Central Heating. Tennis. Garage. Auto Bus.

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SEA FRONT, GARAVAN BAY.

Very attractive Modern Hotel with all latest improvements.

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Quite Central.
In Large, Quiet Garden.

Redecorated. Many Suites, all self-contained. Up-to-date Hotel. Superior Cuisine.

Terms Moderate.

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Central.
Facing Public Gardens & Casino.

First-class Family Hotel. Running Water throughout. 30 Suites, all self-contained. Renowned Restaurant. Moderate Charges. Swiss Management.

Baehler & Cie.

Des Ambassadeurs.

Central.

Renowned Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water. Many Private Bath Rooms. Every Room with Balcony. Full South. Garden situated in the pleasantest part of Mentone. Excellent Cooking. Moderate Terms.

A. Sigrist, M. Proprietor.

Hotel Prince de Galles.

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First-class English Family Hotel. Full South. Bracing Air. All Modern Comforts. Bridge Room. Private Suites. Large Garden. Inclusive terms from 60 frs.

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Centre of Life on the Riviera
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"Galas"

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Facing the Casino
The most elegant rendezvous of the Elite
Fashionable RESTAURANT—GRILL-ROOM—BAR
Always open

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Residence of H.M. King Edward VII when Prince of Wales
An ideal Winter Residence in own Park
Home-life Comfort. Eight Tennis Courts. **Moderate**

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PARIS—**The SCRIBE** (Opera)
Its highly renowned GRILL-ROOM—BAR—TEA

Same management of Henry Ruhl

Dinard: **Hotel Royal**
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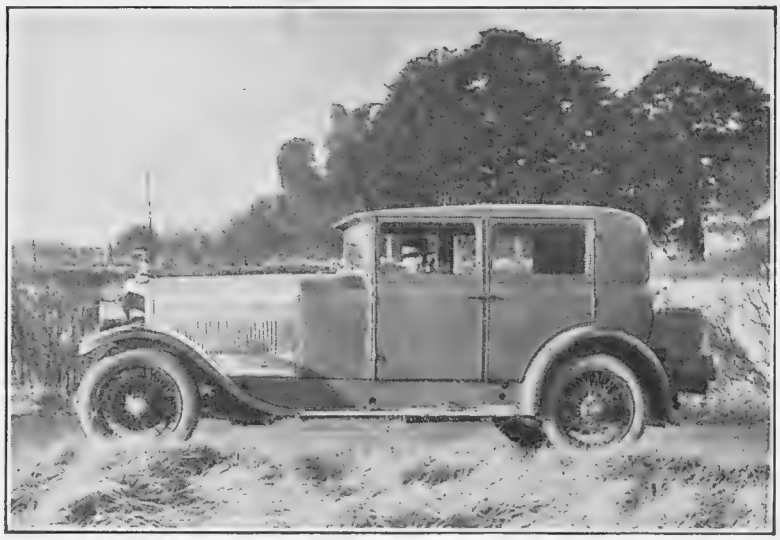
In the centre of Parisian elegance
Same direction as the Hotel Meurice

MOTOR NOTES



A FINE ROAD PERFORMANCE

A Crossley Super Six with a fabric saloon body photographed taking a gradient. This car attains 75 miles per hour with a unique degree of smoothness and silence

OPINION is sharply divided as to the merits of pneumatic upholstery. It cannot be said, as it has been of whiskey, that there is no bad pneumatic upholstery "only some is better than others," for there is definitely some very poor stuff on the market and being fitted to cars. Furthermore, even the best sorts of pneumatic upholstery need to be used at exactly the right degree of inflation to obtain full benefit from them. Even then it is doubtful whether they have much, if any, advantage over some of the best types of ordinary upholstery, in which improvement is constantly taking place.

***

THE genuine Weymann type, introduced by M. Weymann at the same time as he brought in his patent system of body construction, is extremely soft and pliable. I have something of this sort on my present car—a 10-25 h.p. Rover Weymann saloon—and I have frankly declined offers of pneumatic upholstery to fit in place of it. At the Sunbeam Works the other day I came across still another type that is new to me. It was ordinary upholstery of rather shallow depth with a semi-loose cushion on the top secured along the rear edge only to the seat underneath, so that it could, in emergencies, be tucked up behind one to form a support for the back This top cushion is extremely fine and soft to the touch, and on inquiry I found it is actually filled with a fine quality of down. Pneumatic upholstery will have to progress very far indeed before it even equals this kind of seat.

ON the same visit I was shown a new Sunbeam model that has just been introduced to meet a special need. The cheapest Sunbeam limousine (a saloon with a glass partition between front and rear compartments) was that on the 20 h.p. model at £1,250, and the company have experienced a considerable demand for something less expensive though still bearing the Sunbeam stamp. So they have recently designed a limousine on their 16 h.p. chassis, which is the most popularly priced of the Sunbeam range. The interesting part about this car is that it is a limousine built on the Weymann system, so that it is light, silent, and, to a certain degree, flexible. The price is but £725.

***

AMONGST new cars at the New York Show last month was a really exceptional Chrysler "80." This has a higher compression ratio as compared with the former "80," with a view to using Ethyl anti-knock fuel, and the engine develops 112 h.p. on the brake as against the 95 h.p. of the former Chrysler "80."

Common Sense points the way to beautiful teeth

Calvert's for Dentures too

Use powder—dry powder—to burnish and freshen your denture. Common Sense tells you this and tells you it must be Calvert's because Calvert's is so smooth it cannot scratch the gold.

Have you met old Common Sense? He is a character from the Treasure Cave Booklet. Ask your chemist for a copy when you buy your next tin of "Calvert's."

COMMON Sense rules and regulates most of our habits. Let us listen then to his advice when he tells us that the secret of beautiful teeth lies in the polishing, and the right way to polish, as everyone knows, is with powder—dry powder.

Now what Common Sense requires, Calvert's powder provides—a powder that cleans easily and smoothly and polishes to perfection—a powder too fine to scratch or injure the enamel of the teeth—an antiseptic powder delightfully refreshing and distinctly economical to use.

What easier way to beautiful teeth can you get?

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

SOLD EVERYWHERE in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 TINS

99 dd

PARIS-ING ON YOUR WAY

This Paris of ours will give quickly, generously, and gaily, if you will let her. Only confide to her that your time is short—a day—that you are passing through. See how she will deck her wondrous shops—"all for you," she will whisper. Look at this corner of the Boulevard Haussmann. Everything from a dress parade to a new fringe, or the cuff of a glove, will pass here some time in the day. Or else it'll be at the *Thé Elegant* in the afternoon at the

HOTEL AMBASSADOR

IN THE VERY HEART OF PARIS

BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN

The largest and most luxurious Hotel in Europe. Contains 600 rooms, all equipped with bath. Admirable service. All tariffs fixed and printed.

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Special Winter Rates up to March 31st.

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Specially reduced terms during Winter months.

RESTAURANT. CUISINE FRANÇAISE

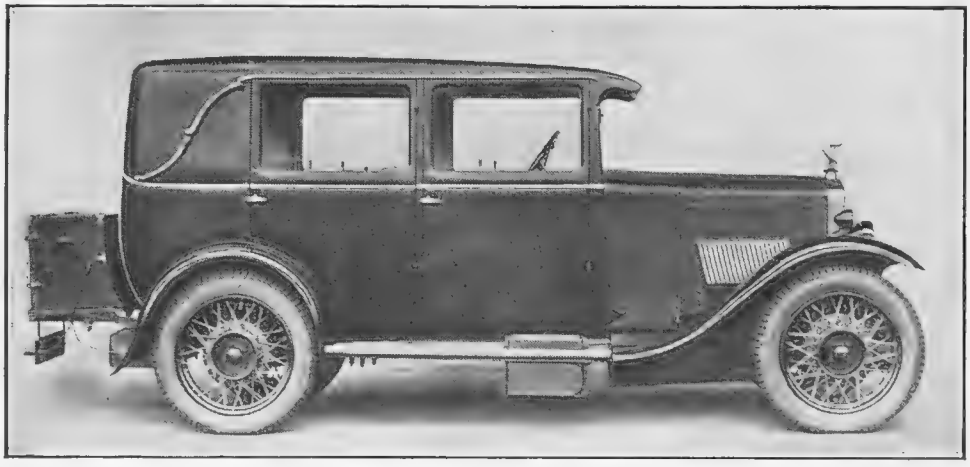
Telegrams: **Langham, London.**

Telephone: **Langham, 2080**

The chief new feature of the engine itself, however, is an extremely ingenious vibration damper to cope with crankshaft vibration at all speeds. It is no secret that the present forms of vibration damper do not function at all speeds. Another feature of the car is that all the bright parts are chromium plated, chromium being the new form of plating with which experiments have been proceeding for some years, and which will not dull or tarnish under the worst conditions.

***

THE Napier "Lion" engine fitted to Captain Malcolm Campbell's racing car, the "Blue Bird," which left for America on February 1 to attack the world's speed record, is now off the Air Ministry's secret list, so that some details of it can be divulged. As with all the Napier "Lion" series of engines, it has 12 cylinders arranged in three blocks of four, the bore being 5½in. and the stroke 5⅞in. It has the exceptionally high compression ratio of 10 to 1, and develops 875 h.p. at 3,300 r.p.m. As the engine only weighs complete 835 lb., the weight per h.p. is appreciably under 1 lb. The height is 2ft. 10½in., the width 3ft. 2½in., and the length 5ft. 6¼in. It is a remarkable example of compact construction, giving maximum power for lowest weight.



A NEW CLYNO

The latest Clyno model on the 12/35 h.p. chassis is this handsome De Luxe Fabric Saloon. It is called the Olympic, and is priced at £295

FOLLOWING closely upon the recently announced cut by the Great Western Railway from 4½d. to 3d. per mile for the conveyance of motor cars by rail, comes news of the introduction of a special rate for the transport of cars through the Severn Tunnel. On payment of 7s. 6d. motorists can have their cars conveyed through the tunnel from or to the nearest station on either side, and save a detour of fifty miles *via* Gloucester.

***

FEW road signs are so familiar nowadays as the A.A. loopway arrows carried out in black lettering on a pleasing shade of yellow enamel. Not all of us, however, realise the amount of organisation behind this somewhat unique service, for whenever a road becomes obstructed it is not long before the A.A. has in hand the business of redirecting traffic so that it shall avoid being held up without at the same time having to go too far round. A particularly smart piece of work came to my notice last month. A large water main outside the Holland Park Skating Rink burst and forced the road up for a distance of 100 yards. Within a few minutes, it seemed, an A.A. van had arrived carrying blank loopway signs. These were stencilled on the spot, erected, and traffic redirected both ways within a few minutes. The loopway signs were of considerable assistance to the police in their emergency duties.

E. M. WRIGHT.

MOTOR ACCIDENT CASES FILL HOSPITALS

THE problem of the overcrowded hospitals is very serious, but it can be relieved by a little foresight. Statistics prove that more than 65% of personal injuries in motoring accidents are caused by flying, splintered glass. *Triplex* Safety Glass, the glass that cannot splinter or fly, eliminates the flying glass danger from motoring. Are you exposing your wife, children and friends to this grave risk? *Be warned in time.*

Normal orders for Triplex can now be despatched within ten days and delivered free throughout the United Kingdom

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "TripleX" and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1: also The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America Inc., 75, West St., New York

HOW HOSPITALS ARE OVERCROWDED

Wards Filled with Motor Accident Cases.

A NEW PROBLEM.

At one hospital during the year the entire surgical ward of 25 beds was continuously occupied by patients suffering from the results of motor accidents.

This illuminating paragraph appears in the annual report of the work of the voluntary hospitals in Great Britain (excluding London), issued to-day by the Joint Council of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the British Red Cross Society.

* * *

Extract from "The Daily Chronicle," 16th November, 1927.

Liverish People Need Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

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Price only 1/9 at chemists and hairdressers.

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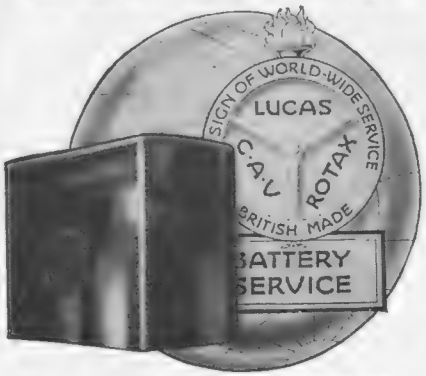

IF you consider you will realise the desirability of buying a battery with C.A.V. Service behind it. It costs you nothing extra!

C.A.V. Service is real Service—not merely "hanging out a Sign," and our arrangements under this heading, due to our association with Messrs. Joseph Lucas Ltd. & Rotax (Motor Accessories) Ltd., are thoroughly comprehensive.

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RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

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QUEEN'S HOTEL

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200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
WEEKLY INCLUSIVE TERMS, from 5 GNS

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is the one specially made for the job. Nothing else cleans your plate so well or so easily. It is worth while if only for the extra wear you get out of your toothbrush.

PRICE 1/6 EACH

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MADE IN ENGLAND BY ADDIS HERTFORD

The MENU

ON THE COOKING OF VENISON

ROAST HAUNCH OF VENISON.
A BRAISED SHOULDER OF VENISON.
VENISON FILLETS WITH TOMATOES.

Roast Haunch of Venison

FLOUR the haunch well and sprinkle it over with pepper. It may be hung for ten days, unless the weather is warm. Wash it well before cooking, and dry with a cloth. Cover it with a sheet of buttered paper, then a flour-and-water paste about half an inch thick, and then another sheet of greased paper; tie on firmly with tape. Baste it well with plenty of dripping constantly all the time it is cooking. Half an hour before it is done remove the paper and paste, dredge the joint with flour, and baste well with butter until it is nicely frothed. Serve its own gravy round the haunch and red-currant jelly.

A Braised Shoulder of Venison

Have the bone removed from a shoulder of well-hung venison, and place in a marinade of equal parts of vinegar and water with a bunch of savoury herbs. Let it remain in this for three days, then chop up one large onion, one shallot, ½ lb. of fat bacon, three cloves, and 3 oz. of margarine or butter. Let this fry in an earthenware pan, lay the venison on the top, cover closely, and squeeze over the meat (before covering) the juice of half a lemon. Cook three hours in a moderate oven. Just before serving add a glassful of sherry and half a teacupful of cream. Let it cook for another ten minutes. Send to table on a very hot dish with the gravy round.

Venison Fillets with Tomatoes

Braise eight venison fillets. Peel and chop finely four small shallots, fry them in a *sauté*-pan to a light brown colour in 1 oz. of margarine or butter, and add six peeled and sliced tomatoes, and toss them over a quick fire; now stir in half a pint of rich brown sauce, and keep hot. Have ready some cooked rice, turn it into an *entrée* dish, and put the fillets upon the rice and the cooked tomatoes upon each fillet; pour over the sauce, flavoured with currant jelly, and serve very hot.

EMILIA.

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For 12 months. (*Including Christmas No.*)	For 6 months.	For 3 months.
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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York
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REAL HARRIS AND LEWIS HOMESPUNS.
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from maker. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post. Carr. paid. James St. Tweed Depot, 72, Stornaway, Scotland.

COGNAC FROMY
Réputation mondiale.
FROMY, ROGÉE & Co., Cognac. Etablis en 1815.

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THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention

A SYMPHONY IN SUEDE

THERE is a wonderful harmony in "Leather Craft" Garments—a touch of poetry too; for the gentle loveliness of the Malvern Hills seems to enter their composition.

First in the field as originators of the vogue for suede and leather garments, Leather Craft to-day control the exclusive output of the world's finest suedes and new grain leathers.

"Leather Craft" are the only leathers dyed through and through, and thus possess unique colour fastness and waterproof qualities.

Linings are of "Celanese", lovely as well as perspiration and rot proof, and very hardwearing.

The supreme craftsmanship of highly paid tailors and cutters result in a symphony in suede, blending with wonderful Scotch Tweed Skirts of genuine Munrospun.

Prices are most merciful to your purse.

Full-tailored Coats as illustrated, from £5 5s.

Several styles of Tweed Skirts, £2 2s.

Over 50 shades and 50 different styles.

Send for Free Patterns & Catalogue.

Leather Craft of Malvern

(ENGLAND) *Telephone:* 549

Also at 169 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1
and
15/17 Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge
London, S.W.1

C4

HENRY HEATH
LIMITED

ESTBP. 1822

105, 107, 109, OXFORD ST., W.

1035. "HEATHERBELL" (*Regd.*)

An original variation of the cloche style—a vogue now much in favour. Built of superfine fur-felt, and trimmed with galloon. In all the new Season's shades. Sizes: 6¾, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½.

Price **30/-**

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Marks. Agencies throughout the World.

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

Make your gramophone tell the truth

No ordinary gramophone reproduces music exactly like the original recording. Most give results so different that the tone and beauty of the composition are entirely lost.

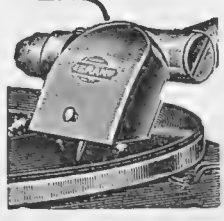
You can alter all this, no matter how old or cheap your gramophone is, by converting it into an electrical reproducer. It is only necessary to fit

THE IGRANIC-PACENT

PHONOVOX

in place of the sound-box and plug the adaptor into one of the valve-holders in your wireless set and the gramophone records are heard in the loud-speaker with a purity and volume that will give you a new conception of what reproduced music can be like.

If you do not possess a wireless set THE IGRANIC THREE - VALVE R.C. AMPLIFIER is recommended for the best results. Price without valves, batteries and loud-speaker **50/-**



PRICE COMPLETE **50/-**

List No. J433 will give you full particulars.

IGRANIC ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
149, Queen Victoria St., LONDON, E.C.4
Works: Bedford.

THE tags on Paton's "33" laces simply cannot come off. They are specially grooved and punched and the ends pressed, ensuring a lasting grip between tag and lace. Buy Paton's "33" laces next time—their plaited thread and patent tag make them trouble-free and far cheaper in the long run.

For Ladies' and Gents' Boots or Shoes. In black, tan or white. Flat or tubular. Write direct to mills, enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1s. for one, two or three pairs, as desired. State colour and whether for boot or shoe.

4D PER PAIR

WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543.

Specialité :

£6 6 0

Costume and Coat.

Ladies! This is a Tailor-made Season. Place your order early and get a SMEE'S personal attention, cut and fitted.

Advanced Selection of *Early Spring Goods*

If not able to call, send for my self-measurement form and patterns. Mr. Smee will give his same personal attention, and you will say, as many have, "I am delighted."

Riding Habits from £9 9 0

Only Address —
55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1

Diabetes:

IMPORTANT ADVICE.

DIABETES mellitus, as doctors call it, is the result of some grave defect in the digestion and assimilation of our food. It may begin in the liver and sweetbread, or in the nervous system.

As a valuable medicinal aid, doctors now prescribe Kutnow's Powder, the famous effervescent saline originally produced at Carlsbad. This preparation gives splendid assistance to the liver, kidneys, and intestines. It regulates elimination without stringent action. In addition, unlike many salines, Kutnow's does not contain any sugar or anything else injurious to diabetic patients. This is a statement of fact which can be confirmed by your doctor, to whom the proprietors will supply the actual formula of Kutnow's.

Kutnow's Powder is both beneficial and agreeable. Be sure to ask for and see that you get "Kutnow's." Sold by all chemists. Home price two-and-nine per bottle.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

Sole Proprietors S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd., 204, Phœnix St., London, N.W.1

A Stiff Beard

needs a razor blade that will stand up to its work, such as

'ECLIPSE'

SAFETY RAZOR

BLADES

which get to the root of it!

THE "ECLIPSE" GUARANTEE.

Buy a packet of 5 "Eclipse" Blades from your usual supplier (or if unable to obtain, send 1/8 to makers). If, after using 2, you are not entirely satisfied, return the 5 blades direct to us and your 1/8 will be refunded.

5 for 1/8 Obtainable from usual suppliers 10 for 3/4

Made by
JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD
Steel Manufacturers
(Dept. L5), Napier Street, SHEFFIELD.

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

STERILISES THE HANDKERCHIEF POCKET

AN "extra" service which "Vapex" renders the user is that it kills the germs which lurk and multiply in the dark corners of the handkerchief pocket. The handkerchief is also sterilised and does not cause re-infection every time it is used.

All Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD., V. 34.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN SILK BLOUSES

New Blouse *in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, front finely tucked and embroidered spots, finished with tucked hip band and small buckle. In Ivory, Blue, Biscuit, Grey, Navy, Black, and all new colours*

PRICE
29/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Wave AND Curl

Hindes Hair Wavers

Shingled Hair

When replying to Advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

McLintock for "Beauty" & "Purity"

PIONEER IN THE MAKING OF

DOWN QUILTS

Obtainable from Leading Drapers and Furnishing Houses.
McLINTOCK & SONS, LTD., BARNSLEY & LONDON.

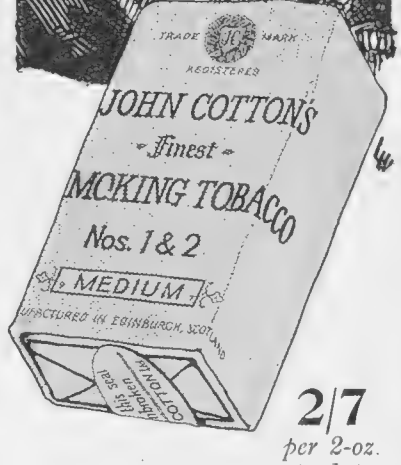
REALLY NICE GIRLS SMOKE PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

N.C.C.358

The man who wrote this advertisement and the artist who drew it found their inspiration in John Cotton's

MEN freely admit that John Cotton's has always been a source of inspiration. It lights evenly—burns evenly—its rich full-satisfying flavour is the same to the last ash. Thought—inspired by this fine tobacco of old traditions—flows evenly, too . . .
There is this peculiarity about John Cotton's. Once a man smokes it other tobaccos have no appeal.



JOHN COTTON'S

The pipe lover's final choice

It is only to be expected that the 150 years' blending experience of John Cotton's should make a vast improvement in cigarettes as well. AUDIENCE *Cigarettes are a revelation to the jaded palate. A box of 25 costs 2/-.*

2/7 *per 2-oz. packet.*

D.A.3

MANUFACTURED BY JOHN COTTON, LTD., EDINBURGH.

Perfect poise

IDEAL COMFORT

Subtler curves induced by the soft caress of the famous

ROSENBAUM
REDUCING GARMENTS

The best way of figure reducing, rectifying thick and ungainly ankles, and remedying double chin is by wearing the Rosenbaum garments designed and made especially for you.

The rubber garments made by the acknowledged greatest corset experts which have for over 25 years reigned supreme and about which there has never been a complaint made.

Rosenbaum Rubber Reducing Corset or Bust Bodice or both (illustrated above), sent on

ONE WEEK'S FREE TRIAL

on receipt of covering remittance (returned in full if you are not satisfied).

Reducing Corset - 50/- Reducing Bust Bodice - 25/6
(Both laced at back for adjustment as reduction takes place)
Reducing Garments of every kind made to order in a few days

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE
Visit our Showrooms if you are in London

MAISON ROSENBAUM LTD.
England's Leading Corsetières.
(Dept. 12), 466, Oxford St., London, W.1
14, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.1
For Gentlemen only—(Dept. 12)

CLAUDE STACEY will read original literary work. View to volume publication. Novels, Poems, Children's Stories, etc.—CLAUDE STACEY Limited, 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
At all Chemists.
4s. 6d. a tin.

Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return Ladies waited on

ONLY ADDRESS:
122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames
Tel.: 0707 *Kingston. Banker's Reference.*

STAMP COLLECTORS.
BRITISH COLONIAL STAMPS are my speciality
Selections sent on approval.
T. ALLEN, 5, Blake Hall Road, Wanstead, London, E. 11.

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH
DRINK MORE WATER
BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH
The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET.
Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

HOTEL PIERRE 1er

Champs Elysées,
25, Ave Pierre 1er de Serbie,
PARIS.

200 rooms with bathrooms
Private Sitting Rooms
Telephone in all rooms
First-class restaurant.
Gala Hall. Reading Rooms
Shorthand Typist at clients' disposal.
Every modern improvement and luxury in the most fashionable quarter of Paris.

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Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **2/6** or direct:—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

"*But this is not Glyco-Thymoline*"

"It sounded like it, doctor."

"But it is most important that you get the name correctly, for Glyco-Thymoline will give you *immediate* relief from catarrh. It stands to reason that a similar sounding preparation, costing less, cannot be as effective. *Every* drop of Glyco-Thymoline is so much more efficacious that, in the long run, it is cheaper."

Our records show that 19,567 doctors use Glyco-Thymoline

At all chemists, 1/10, 3/8, 7/6.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

℞ *The Prescription Your Physician writes*

STOCKINETTE JUMPER SUIT

FOR SMALL WOMEN

Stockinette Jumper Suit. This attractive model has narrow tucks as trimming, and the square neck is finished with Tie Bow. In shades of Natural, Jade Green and Chestnut.

Price **78/6**

(Juvenile Department, Second Floor)

PATENT LEATHER MONK SHOE. Louis heel of moderate height.

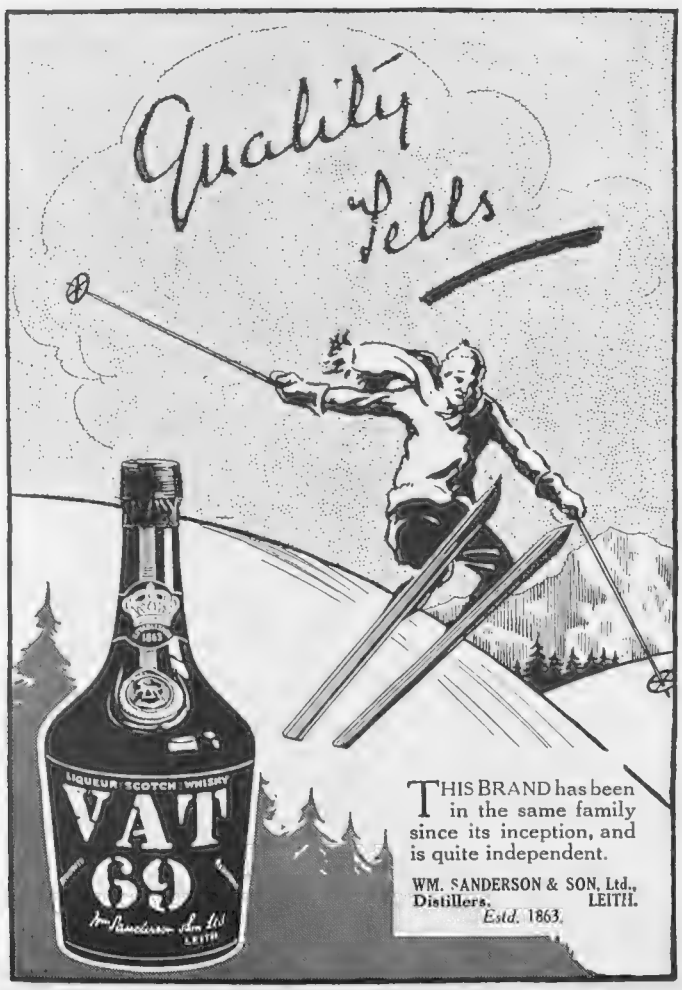
Price 45/- per pair.

In black antelope, 69/6 per pair.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody (LIMITED)

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London W.1



THIS BRAND has been in the same family since its inception, and is quite independent.

WM. SANDERSON & SON, Ltd., Distillers, LEITH.

Estd. 1863.

This Advertisement was written by

MADGE TITHERADGE [1]

EDGAR WALLACE [2]

OLWEN ROOSE [3]

BINNIE HALE [4]

SIR DAN GODFREY [5]

IVY TRESMAND [6]

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE [7]

¶ *This advertisement is composed of extracts from a few of the numerous tributes to Genasprin received from distinguished men and women in every walk of life.*

GENASPRIN is an absolutely pure and reliable preparation,[1] by far the purest and most efficacious aspirin.[2] Two tablets always take a headache away miraculously[3] and they do not leave the after effects of ordinary aspirin.[4] The finest preventive against colds,[5] Genasprin is safe and effectual[6]—always keep it in the house in case of illness.[7]

GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

(Acetyl-Salicylic-Acid)

Insist on GENASPRIN. *At all Chemists—2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.*

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH LEICESTERSHIRE.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). Twice Daily 2.30 and 7.45. ('Phone Gerrard 7540.) Week commencing February 6th. MLLE. TAMARA KARSAVINA & CO.; BARBETTE; FLORENCE SMITHSON; GEORGIE WOOD & CO.; JOSEPH GREENWALD & CO.; WINNIE LIGHTNER, Etc.

LONDON.

CORA HOTEL, UPPER WOBURN PLACE, W.C.1.

Near Euston, St. Pancras and King's Cross Stations.

Accommodation for 230 Visitors. Room, Attendance and Table d'Hôte Breakfast 8/6

WEEK-END, Friday to Monday, 3 days Room, Attendance and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Dinner 37/6

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Knocke (Zoute).—The Links Hotel. Open all year. Strictly First Class. Full South, overlooking Golf and Tennis.

EGYPT.

Cairo.—National Hotel. The leading family Hotel, with modern comfort and moderate charges.

FRANCE.

Arles (B. du R.).—Grand Hotel du Nord-Pinus. Place du Forum. Remains of Roman Forum. First class.

Avignon (Vaucluse). — Hôtel de l'Europe The old-established first-class Hotel; an excellent stopping place for Riviera.

Beaulieu (A.M.).—Hotel Metropole. On shore, full south, large park. H. & C. water all rooms. Chas. Ferrand, prop. and mnr.

Hyères.—Continental. Elevated. Fine sea view. Large park. Most comfortable. Inclusive terms from Fs. 45.

Hyères la Plage.—Hotel de la Plage. Facing the sea, with outside terrace. Modern comfort and moderate prices.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve.— Restaurant overlooking View and Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Menton.—Hotel Annonciata. Unique situation above town, magnificent panorama. Funicular free to residents.

Menton. — Hotel des Iles Brittaniques. Central. Large Park. Tennis. Splendid View. Renowned Cuisine.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise. World-renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park.

Menton.—Winter Palace. The rendezvous of all the smartest society. 300 Rooms—200 Baths.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel de Paris. The Leading Hotel. In direct communication with Casino and International Sporting Club.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles. The best first-class English Hotel. Large Garden. Marcel Rey, Prop.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Windsor. The high-class English family hotel. A home away from home.

Nice.—Hotel Suisse. Facing sea. Open all year. Inclusive terms from 80 francs.

Nice.—Gd. Hotel du Mont-Boron. Unique situation overlooking Baie des Anges. Noted restaurant. Motor to Place Masséna.

PARIS.

The Ambassador.—New Bd. Haussmann nr. Opéra. 600 rooms, 600 baths. De luxe suites, 3 restaurants. Duhamel mgmt.

The Commodore.—New Bd. Haussmann nr. Opéra. Bright and cheerful. Opened 1926. All rooms with bath. Duhamel mgmt.

Hotel Lincoln, 24 Rue Bayard (8eme) Rond Point des Champs-Elysées, 50 rooms, all with bath, w.c., telephone.

Hotel Lutetia. — The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg, 33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same house: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Pourville-sur-Mer, near Dieppe. Hotel d'Albion. Unique View. Famous Cuisine. Terrace. Garden. Close to Tennis and Golf Courts. Moderate Rates. A. PIERRE, Prop.

St. Jean de Luz.—Madison Hotel, Restaurant. Unique situation; all comfort; moderate terms.—Y. LALANDE, Prop.

St. Raphael.—Les Algues. Comfortable house facing sea. Tea Room. Modern comfort. Reasonable.

ITALY.

Merano.—Park Hotel. Quiet and Distinguished. 180 Beds. 50 Bathrooms. Owner: H. Panzer.

Naples. — Parker's Hotel. A first-rate hostelry in an unsurpassed setting on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Excellent situation overlooking bay, city, and Vesuvius.

Ospedaletti.—Miramare Palace Hotel. Leading. Up to date. W'ful sea view. Tennis. English coach. Dancing. Prtd. by English.

Rapallo—Excelsior & New Casino. Strictly 1st class. Sit. in ideal spot on Riviera. Winter and spring resort: summer bathing season.

Rome.—Hotel Bristol. World renowned. Quiet. Charming surroundings. Every luxury and convenience. Famous cuisine.

Rome—Palace Hotel. Situated in the smart Ludovisi quarter, opposite the Queen-Mother's Palace; luxury and comfort.

The Royal. Sunny San Remo. Illustrated Folder Free on request. M. Bertolini, Proprietor.

SWITZERLAND.

Andermatt.—All Winter Sports. Danioth's Grand Hotel. First-class Home Comfort at reasonable rates.

Geneva.—Grand Hotel de la Paix, facing lake, up to date. Now one of the best and nicest Hotels in Switzerland. J. Baehl.

Lugano.—Metropole & Monopole Hotels. First Class. All modern comforts. Most wonderful position. Tennis. Golf.

Vevey.—Park Hotel, Mooser, 1st cl. Family Hotel. Elevated situation. Numerous bathrooms. Terms from Fr. 13.50. Tennis.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer

DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

BIARRITZ. La Maison Basque

The prettiest Hotel; quite new; facing sea. Avenue Edouard VII, Place du Casino Municipal Boulevard de la Plage.

BIARRITZ.

THE CARLTON

350 ROOMS. 300 BATHROOMS. FACING SEA.

BIARRITZ. Hotel Edouard VII

Sea View. Near Casino. Modern Installation. M. Tiphaine, *Manager.*

CANNES HOTEL GONNET

On the Croisette. Near Casino and Tennis Courts.

CANNES. Hotel Pavillon

Every possible Comfort.

Moderate. Large Palm Garden Facing Sea.

HYÈRES HOTEL DES AMBASSADEURS

Lovely view Rooms with bath. Car to Golf. Excellent cuisine.

COSTEBELLE HOTELS — HYÈRES

Own 18-Hole Golf, 5 Tennis, 8 Croquet, 1 Squash Racket Court. 100 Bathrooms Running H. & C. Water. Special Ballroom. E. H. PEYRON, *Owner-Manager*

Juan-Les-Pins (A.M.) WELCOME HOTEL

S. H. Wilshire, Proprietor.

All Modern Comforts. Reputed Cuisine. Large Garden. Open all Year.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ—HOTEL d'ANGLETERRE

Most Central. Extremely Comfortable.

Pension from 80–100 fcs. a day.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ. HOTEL MODERN

Splendidly situated in centre of the Bay. Every Comfort. Moderate.

LYONS

CARLTON HOTEL,

Place de la République.

The Aristocratic Hotel,

RESTAURANT - - - - - GARAGE

MARSEILLES THE SPLENDIDE

First Class. Nearest Station. Rendezvous of the Elite.

HOTEL DU CAP MARTIN

Mid-way between Monte Carlo and Menton.

Entirely new Management.

The beauty spot of the Riviera.

CIRO'S, MONTE CARLO.

Cuisine Renommée.

DANCE BAND. NO GALAS.

RESTAURANT À LA CARTE ONLY.

MONTE CARLO—PAMS

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

F. T. PAMMENT.

MAXIM'S, NICE

Open all Night.

PARIS

HOTEL CAMPBELL

AVENUE FRIEDLAND,
PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE.

A GOOD, COMFORTABLE HOTEL.

Moderate Prices.

ST. RAPHAEL—HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE

THE BEST SITUATION ON SEA FRONT.

Large Garden. Renowned Restaurant. Open All Year.

SANARY (Nr. Toulon)

GRAND HOTEL des BAINS

Centre of Bay. Palm Garden. Excellent Cuisine. Garage.

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Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Xmas No.	Six months	Three months
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
6, Great New Street,
London, E.C.4

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months, commencing with the issue of.....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

*Date.....*1928

Hairdressing

Is your hair your special pride, and would you see it so perfectly dressed that it shall be complimentary to your personality, and a perfect embodiment of modern style and good taste? At the Phyllis Earle Salons you will be really charmed with the very delightful results that clever artistry will achieve with your hair.

Here you may have your favourite style modelled to perfection; or have some little original note added that will emphasise a charm. A few prices will show you that charges are very moderate.

Prices:

Shampoo	2/0
Waving	2/0
Water Waving	3/6
Shingling	5/6
Shingle Trim	3/6

Phyllis Earle Salons

32, DOVER STREET,
Telephone: Regent 7931.
LONDON, W.1.

15, NORTH AUDLEY ST.
Telephone: Mayfair 3798.
LONDON, W.1.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

FASHIONABLE SPRING HATS

Ground Floor Millinery Salon

Charming Straw and Felt Toque *with the new diamanté edged veil. In Black, Navy, and a few good colours. Price* 69/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Austin CARS

Gross trading profit year ending 30th Sept., 1927 nearly

£1,000,000

Substantial reductions were made on all models last August

In 1914 the 12 H.P. tourer (with to-day's specification) would have sold for **£640**

TO-DAY'S PRICE - - **£255**

The Acid Test

The INCREASING demand for our cars proves their quality and value for money

INCREASE of Home Sales for 1927 over 1926

20 H.P. 4- & 6-cylinder	12 H.P. 4-cylinder	7 H.P. 4-cylinder
5%	55%	71%

INCREASE of Home Sales for first two months of current year over same period last year

20 H.P. 4- & 6-cylinder	12 H.P. 4-cylinder	7 H.P. 4-cylinder
28%	51%	51%

To secure delivery orders should be placed at once

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD.
LONGBRIDGE, Near BIRMINGHAM,
AND 479-483, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

A.1.W

SUNSHINE *in* WINTER

LEAVE the coldness of winter behind and enjoy the pleasant warmth of Riviera Sunshine. The three Gordon Hotels are open and offer, as in the past, the best in cuisine, service and appointments. For full particulars write to the Manager,

MONTE CARLO *Hotel* METROPOLE

BEAULIEU *Hotel* BRISTOL

CANNES *Hotel* METROPOLE

THE GORDON HOTELS LTD.

Managing Director FRANCIS TOWLE

BEST OF LIQUEURS STILL

Kümmel
Curaçao
Maraschino
Crème de Menthe
Cherry Brandy
Dry Gin
and
Very Old Hollands Gin

Here's the most fitting epilogue to a good dinner — Bols Kümmel :— the smoothness and subtle aroma of this liqueur have delighted the palates of generations since 1575.

Wholesale Agents :
BROWN GORE & WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

28/2

Absolutely unique in their qualities

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

Pre-eminent in every Country of the World

Cairo. The Blue Mosque

555 Cigarettes are the same superlative quality the World over — final packing alone decides their destination

Overseas Packing

Home Packing

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

555

Made by hand-one at a time

MANUFACTURED IN LONDON BY ARDATH TOBACCO CO: LTD:

3 (C)

HAVE YOU TRIED YORK MILK

ROWNTREE'S NEW MILK CHOCOLATE